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SHADES OF THE DEAD.—No. IX.

BURNS.

THERE are two frequent lamentations which might well teach us to doubt the wisdom of popular opinions; men bewail in themselves the miseries of old age, and in others the misfortune of an early death. They do not reflect that life is made up of emotions and thoughts, some cares and doubts and hopes and scattered handfuls of sorrow and pleasure, elements incapable of being measured by rule, or dated by an almanack. It is not from the calendar or the parish-register that we can justly learn for what to grieve and wherefore to rejoice; and it is rather an affected refinement than a sage instinct to pour out tears in proportion as our wasting days, or those of our friends, are marked by the clepsydra. And even as old age, if it be the fruit of natural and regular existence, is full, not of aches and melancholy, but lightness and joy; so there are men who perform their course in but a small circle of years, whose maturity is to be reckoned not by the number of their springs and summers, but of their inward seasons of greenness and of glory, and who, by a native kindness have enjoyed, during a brief and northern period, more sunshine of the soul than ever came to the clouded breast of a basking Ethiop.

Yet the many men of exalted genius, who have died in early life, have all been lamented, as if they had perished by some strange and unnatural chance, and as if he, without whose will no sparrow falls to the ground, only suspended his Providence with regard to the eagle-ministers of Truth and Beauty. Happy indeed, thrice happy are such beings as Sophocles and Titian, in whom the golden chain runs out to the last link, and whose hearts are fed by a bright calm current, until they fall asleep in a fresh and blooming antiquity. But happy, also, were Raphael, Sidney, and Schiller, who accomplished, in the half of man's permitted term, the fulfilment of their aim, and gained sight of the rising stars, when others were still labouring in the heats of noon. Happy we may even call the more disturbed and incomplete career of Byron and Shelley and Burns, who were so much clogged by earthly impediments and vexed with mental disease, nourished by the disease of the material frame, that death would rather seem, if we may humbly speak what perhaps we but ignorantly and wildly fancy, a setting free to further improvement than a final cutting off in the midst of imperfection.

Burns died at the middle age of life, but had he attained a century, his fame could not have been more sure and permanent, and scarcely more extensive than it is. And even as regards his own mind, it is hard to discover what there is which added years were likely to have given him. The men to whom length of days is important, are those the sphere of whose action is yet incomplete, or those whose faculties are not yet wrought into maturity. We see around us some whose powers are still inadequately developed, and therefore incongruous and unbalanced, whose minds are evidently raw and turbid, but full of promise. These, if any are to be justly pitied for what befalls them on earth, deserve commiseration when they perish by an early fate. And again, there are others whose perfected powers seem not to have found their worthy object, but to be grasping at emptiness; and for them there is a noble future, which it is hard that the tyranny of the grave should turn to lamentation. But Burns was in neither of these classes, neither among the luminaries

that have not filled their orb, nor among those that have not moved along the whole of their appointed cycle.

The defect of Burns's mind was that of will, one which has existed in many great poets and in some great philosophers, but which has been visited in them with no such severe condemnation as that which has befallen him. As to all his impulses and all his faculties, they appear to have been the most healthy and vigorous. His keen sense of social enjoyment, his generosity, his integrity, his vast comprehension of men and nature, his profuse and powerful imagination, and admirable understanding, were the elements that went to the production of the most wonderful being who ever walked the earth; and all these are seen in him not casually, as it were, nor apart, but living and moving together, as united portions of one organised whole. His poetry is not the result of a knack or of a sybilline frenzy, but is the genuine and natural fruitage of the whole mind, and that one of more varied and splendid endowments than any between itself and the unapproached poets of a distant age. He did not, like some preceding and some following authors, divest himself of any of his human faculties or feelings, that a lawless and artificial fancy might occupy itself undisturbed in the heaping together a fictitious and incoherent world. His knowledge and sense are every where the companions and supporters of his genius; nor is it true that he shakes off conscience and religion to revel the more freely in sensual enjoyment. He was indeed weak and wandering, for his will was not adequate to his convictions; but his imaginative power and kindly affections made his evil doings less injurious to him than they are to the more animal natures, and also render the celebration of wrong in his poetry infinitely less contagious to others than in the writings of meaner and more sordid men. For such were the tendencies and qualities of his mind, that in following him even to haunts of debauchery, we are not compelled to stoop to sympathy with the worthlessness of the gratifications in which he too often indulged, but rather taught to feel and know how godlike is the privilege of transmuting the foul or the wretched into the nourishment of thought and the means of a high and intellectual gladness. There is no poetry in the enjoyment of which we keep a more innocent or poetic state of feeling than in reading the lyrics of Burns which exalt even license and riot, and purify evil by the might of his creative gifts. How different in this from the works of Rousseau or even the earlier writings of Byron, in which the reality of evil is ever strong and substantial at the centre, surrounded by a thin gloss and affected verbiage; while in Burns the life and the potency are always to be found in the poetry with which he encircles the hint or incident that serves him as a pretext. If we attempt to render his compositions literal or historical, we reduce them to a jest, a name, a nothing, or if there be a kernel of wrong, it is so poor, trivial, cold, and unattractive as to be utterly inadequate for the explanation of the poet's rapture or our own. Put the *corpus delicti* in 'Tam O'Shanter' or 'The Jolly Beggars' into the hands of a police-reporter, and he will tell you that he can make nothing of it, that it is something so slight and shadowy as to furnish no excitement whatever to the craving passions of the mob. The art and mastery of the poet are shown in getting away from the rudeness and meagreness of his nominal subject into regions of intellect and imagination, while in some other writers the occurrence of which they treat is barely alluded to at first, and all their intellect and their imagination are

employed to bring it closer and closer before our eyes, till it appears at last as the main object and purpose of their writing in all its naked and glowing pruriency. No; the faculties, the sympathies of this man could have gained nothing by longer life, for nothing was wanting in them which the noblest of our kind should have.

Neither did Burns fail to replenish with light the circle assigned to him. He had an understanding such as, with a different culture, might have made him the most keen and masterly of the busy. He had eloquence to be the lord of conversation, and a simple and constant love of nature, such as animated Isaac Walton or Gilbert White. But he was peculiarly called to be a great national poet; he was called to this by the state of his country, and by the character of his own genius. Before his day there was scarcely any subject of common interest for the different classes of Scotchmen. The national government was gone; the national religion acted with far greater force on the lower than on the higher orders, for many of the aristocracy were indifferent to it, and many of them dissenters from it: while literature, which ought to have been above all imbued with an eager patriotism, and to have held up a Scotch standard, and given a Scotch cultivation to every Scotchman, was employed in raising the large and showy but diseased and unfavourable fruits of a school half French, half English, but not at all characteristic or native. The higher and lower ranges of society were therefore bound together by scarcely any mutual sympathies or care for the same objects. Wallace was still the hero, and Knox the prophet of the people, while the gentry were reading 'The Spectator,' and the philosophers and historians were imitating Montesquieu and Rousseau. A peasant stepped from behind his plough, and striding into the ring of professors and men of the world, spoke to them and to all Scotland in a language which no Scotchman could refuse to obey, and which none before him had ever attempted to utter.

That peasant was Burns; and he unquestionably bore on his forehead the seal of his destination, and took upon himself a ministry for which powers were requisite such as had belonged to no man in these nations since the age of Charles I. His wit, his pathos, his manly sense, and triumphant lyric enthusiasm, were not only superior in their combinations to any thing that had existed among us for more than a century; but separately would have equalled him to those who possessed in the highest degree the similar faculties. In him, nothing was hollow, nothing artificial; his words are all expressive, and his thoughts all true; and if the human nature which he presents to us be sometimes coarse in manner, and sometimes lax in morality, though never to the same extent as among the fashionable writers of the reign of Anne and the first two Georges, be it remembered that it is always a living and genuine human nature; that by him no scarecrows, or phantoms, or abstractions, are sought to be passed off on us as men; that he exhibits to us no emotion which he has not thoroughly conceived, nor describes any appearance which his mind's eye has not clearly seen.

Nor was the wonder the less in his day, nor among some persons in ours, when the mode of his education was considered. How could he, a man without information, be a great author unless he were in some way inspired? He was indeed inspired with that living power which the information given by the Scotch academic scheme would almost

certainly have repressed. He was filled with that breath of genius which has sometimes almost kindled into a flame the dead ashes of abstract terms and generalities, the chief elements of the scholastic system of Scotland, but which in him was happily turned aside to no use so unworthy and so unprofitable. He had not been nourished on the dry dust of terminologies and technical artifices, but had drawn his knowledge from the real and vital stores of the world; and it was all therefore of that kind which readily turns itself into power. The professors at Edinburgh, even those whom a dead metaphysical system had made indifferent to practical truth, might well stare and be confounded at seeing that all their years of lecturing and abstracting, and their crowded benches of admiring pupils had never furnished one instance of success in the great object of intellectual education, the generation, namely of power, which a peasant or a child who had heard 'Tam o'Shanter' or the war-song of Bruce would not have laughed to see compared with the mighty, the generous, the thoughtful mind of the Ayreshire ploughman; nor would it have served them to say that genius cannot be produced by education; for though education cannot produce it, education can stifle it, and doubtless has in numberless instances stifled or perverted the genius which has come youthful and hopeful into the hands of Scotch professors. Why are there no great poets among the negro slaves or the American savages, but because their education, the influence, that is, on their minds, of the circumstances in which they are placed, can never permit the development of mental power. It cannot be said that Burns was an example of natural capacity, and that the men among whom he found himself at Edinburgh were merely examples of good education; for there is no instance of natural capacity in an entirely unfavourable situation having forced its way to supremacy in thought. Burns was just as much educated as the pupils of Dr. Blair or of Dr. Reid; but he was educated by realities, they by abstractions; he by substances, they by shadows; and so admirable was the instruction given him by his father, and so well had he learned to attach importance to things instead of words, that his boyhood seems scarcely to have at all suffered even from the reading 'Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding.' That book indeed left but few traces behind in his mind. While the realities of geometry, which he fortunately studied for a short time in his early manhood, evidently did much towards aiding his growth, and so strongly possessed him, that they have sometimes even forced themselves into his poetry. Thus it was that the national poet of Scotland, the first modern author who so wrote as to teach the hearts of his compatriots to leap within that at the name of their country; thus it was that he who bound Scotchman to Scotchman by a stronger bond of sympathy than any before existing,—that the man who has done immortal honour to the reign and the land in which he lived, and to the noble tongue he spoke, came forth from among its peasants, not its men of learning, and formed the thoughts that now pervade England, India, and America,—not while listening to lectures on the association of ideas, but while jesting and praying, ploughing and sowing, reading Shakespeare, and talking politics, in the wretched huts or sterile fields of obscure labour.

Why wonder that so little was done to aid him at Edinburgh? He gained the condescending praise of polite academicians for his rude and curious efforts. Among them he was superior to them, and different from them, but in no way belonged to them. He had knowledge, compared to which their acquirements were but dreams of the night. He wrought with powers, and they with rules; they juggled, and he performed miracles. He spoke of human nature, and was a man; they talked of the faculty of abstraction, and were professors. He had probably hoped much from the literary men of his country; and the disappointment of those hopes, when, being himself godlike, instead of walking with the gods, he was surrounded by an interminable conflict of word-champions and shadow-fighters, may perhaps have, in some degree,

perplexed and saddened him; but he did not lose faith in himself or nature, when he had learned to believe no longer in the patrons and practitioners of letters. He had still something to put his trust in; for the tones of God's great melody, which circles through all worlds, were still vibrating in his heart. He judged wisely and resolutely in betaking himself to farm, aye, and even to guage, rather than attempt to be one of the machine-horses of literature; for the narrowest and most sordid sphere of practical life was better for him than the drawing-rooms of mechanical teachers of composition, and empirical lecturers on philosophy;—better for him even though he was thus exposed to vulgar temptations which, alas! he had not always strength to resist. And why lament over his early fate? He did not die until he had done his task; and knowing, as he did, the weakness of his will, it was far better for him thus to perish than to lead any longer a life which, adding nothing to his intellect or imagination, might have served only to deaden his conscience. The precious vessel shivered itself into fragments rather than continue any longer to hold poison. But those bright streams in which the wine of the angels so long flowed from it, will delight and invigorate the world for ever.

MEMOIRS OF LADY FANSHAWE.

Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, Wife of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart. Ambassador from Charles the Second to the Court of Madrid in 1665. Written by Herself. To which are added, Extracts from the Correspondence of Sir Richard Fanshawe. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

It happens in the course of a revolution, as in the process of unfurnishing a house, that while a quantity of lumber comes to light of which no mortal had suspected the existence, some matters of more value are detected, which had hitherto lurked in equal obscurity. The domestic life of a people, which might otherwise have stagnated in sleepy tranquillity, or might have gradually lost its primitive features without delivering even a trace of them to remembrance, comes out in stronger relief and clearer evidence at a crisis of this kind, and perhaps endures a quickening shock and wholesome purification. If the private life of the French was not much illustrated during the years of revolutionary hurricane, the cause of this might possibly be, that, in point of fact, they had none; that a despotism, social as well as political, had suppressed and flattened down all individual existence, and, by destroying all characteristic stamp of manners, save that imposed by fashionable authority, necessarily stripped the single class which it acknowledged as existing at all of every thing like boldness or variety of character. But the seventeenth century in England is rich with forms and draperies of many-coloured life, and its animated diversities of costume and feature live in our memory with the freshness of yesterday.

No memorial of the period lays a fairer claim to attention for the simple graces of narrative, the home scenery of private life, and the pervading vein of quiet yet acute observation, than the volume which is now before us; and none sustains perusal to the close with a more equable and gentle flow of interest. It has not indeed the striking and severe charms which belong to several celebrated female memoirs. There is nothing of the suppressed concentrated vehemence of Madame Roland, nor of the serious views and 'sweet austere composure' of Mrs. Hutchinson. To say the truth, we should have been awfully afraid of the former lady, even though we had not chanced to be her husband; and had acquitted ourselves better than her Girardin friends in elevation à la hauteur de l'époque. Nor should we, we imagine, have felt quite at our ease in the more feminine and familiar presence of the lovely Independent. We should have somewhat apprehended being hooked into argument (which we perfectly agree with our authoress in considering an uncharitable custom,) and being called upon to

rub up our Scripture for parallel passages to the slaying of prelatial tyrants and hirelings—as the stoning with stones of Achan, or the hewing to pieces of Agag. But Lady Fanshawe is a right woman, in strength as in weakness; and her speculative tenets, if she has any, seem fashioned upon those of her husband. It is difficult not to envy the honest gentlemen, defunct as they have been these hundred and fifty years, who possessed an ear like that of Mrs. Hutchinson or our authoress, into which they might pour their tales of royal or popular ingratitude, with full assurance of a favourable listener and reporter; and might leave their reputations after their death, as they had probably left their linen all their life time, to have every rent repaired, even when the case seemed most hopeless, by the invincible ingenuity of female affection.

The following lively description of the early life and marriage of the authoress, may please our readers:

'Now it is necessary to say something of my mother's education of me, which was, with all the advantages that time afforded, both for working all sorts of fine works with my needle, and learning French, singing, lute, the virginals, and dancing, and notwithstanding I learned as well as most did, yet was I wild to that degree, that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time, for I loved riding in the first place, running, and all active pastimes: in short, I was that which we graver people call a hoyting girl; but to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or people, nor one immodest word or action in my life, though skipping and activity was my delight; but upon my mother's death, I then began to reflect, and, as an offering to her memory, I flung away those little childnesses that had formerly possessed me, and, by my father's command, took upon me charge of his house and family, which I so ordered by my excellent mother's example as found acceptance in his sight. I was very well beloved by all our relations and my mother's friends, whom I paid a great respect to, and I ever was ambitious to keep the best company, which I have done, I thank God, all the days of my life. My father and mother were both great lovers and honourers of clergymen, but all of Cambridge, and chiefly Doctor Bamberge, Doctor Howsworth, Broanbricke, Walley, and Mickelthite, and Sanderson, with many others. We lived in great plenty and hospitality, but no lavishness in the least, nor prodigality, and, I believe, my father never drank six glasses of wine in his life in one day.

'About 1641, my brother, William Harrison, was chosen Burgess of —, and sat in the Commons' House of Parliament, but not long, for when the king set up his standard he went with him to Nottingham; yet he, during his sitting, undertook that my father should lend one hundred and fifty thousand pounds to pay the Scots who had then entered England, and, as it seems, were to be both paid and prayed to go home, but afterwards their plague infected the whole nation, as to all our sorrows we know, and that debt of my father's remained to him until the restoration of the king. In 1642, my father was taken prisoner at his house, called Montague, House, in Bishopgate Street, and threatened to be sent on board a ship with many more of his quality, and then they plundered his house, but he getting loose, under pretence to fetch some writings they demanded in his hands concerning the public revenue, he went to Oxford in 1643, and thereupon the long Parliament, of which he was a member for the town of Lancaster, plundered him out of what remained, and sequestered his whole estate, which continued out of his possession, until the happy restoration of the king.

'My father commanded my sister and myself to come to him to Oxford, where the court then was, but we, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of the water, and the scene so changed, that we knew not at all how to act any part but obedience, for, from as good a house as any gentle man of England had, we came to a baker's house in an obscure street, and from rooms well furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret, to one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered, no money, for we were as poor as Job, nor clothes more than a man or two brought in their cloak bags: we had the perpetual discourse of losing and gain-

ing towns and men; at the windows the sad spectacle of war, sometimes plague, sometimes sickness of other kind, by reason of so many people being packed together, as, I believe, there never was before of that quality; always in want, yet I must needs say that most bore it with a martyr-like cheerfulness. For my own part, I began to think we should all, like Abraham, live in tents all the days of our lives. The king sent my father a warrant for a baronet, but he returned it with thanks, saying, he had too much honour of his knighthood which his majesty had honoured him with some years before, for the fortune he now possessed, but as in a rock the turbulence of the waves disperses the splinters of the rock, so it was my lot, for having buried my dear brother, William Harrison, in Exeter College Chapel, I then married your dear father in 1644, in Wolvercot Church, two miles from Oxford, upon the 18th day of May. None was at our wedding but my dear father, who, at my mother's desire, gave me her wedding-ring, with which I was married, and my sister, Margaret, and my brother and sister Boteler, Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and Sir Geoffrey Palmer, the king's attorney. Before I was married, my husband was sworn secretary of war to the prince, now our king, with a promise from Charles I. to be preferred as soon as occasion offered it, but both his fortune and my promised portion, which was made £10,000., were both at that time in expectation, and we might truly be called merchant adventurers, for the stock we set up our trading with did not amount to £20. betwixt us; but, however, it was to us as a little piece of armour is against a bullet, which if it be right placed, though no bigger than a shilling, serves as well as a whole suit of armour; as our stock bought pen, ink, and paper, which was your father's trade, and by it, I assure you, we lived better than those that were born to £2000 a-year as long as he had his liberty. Here stay till I have told you your father's life until I married him."—Pp. 32—38.

We extract the following passage, not for its novelty, as perhaps it is already better known to general readers than the rest of the book, but because it strongly and pleasingly illustrates the character of the amiable writer:

"My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs; saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth what news, began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him; he turned hastily and said, "What wouldst thou have, my life?" I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it; he smilingly replied, "My love, I will immediately come to thee, pray thee go, for I am very busy;" when he came out of his closet I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew, but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed, I cried, and he went to sleep; next morning early as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court; when he came home to dinner he presently came to me as was usual, and

when I had him by the hand, "I said thou dost not care to see me troubled;" to which he taking me in his arms, answered, "My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that, and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee, for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed, but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied." So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family."—Pp. 60—63.

The next paragraph presents an eminent person in an exceedingly amusing point of view:

"When we came to Calais, we met the Earl of Strafford and Sir Kenelm Digby, with some others of our countrymen. We were all feasted at the governor's of the castle, and much excellent discourse passed; but, as was reason, most share was Sir Kenelm Digby's, who had enlarged somewhat more in extraordinary stories than might be averred, and all of them passed with great applause and wonder of the French then at table; but the concluding one was, that barnacles, a bird in Jersey, was first a shell-fish to appearance, and from that, sticking upon old wood, became in time a bird. After some consideration, they unanimously burst out into laughter, believing it altogether false; and, to say the truth, it was the only true thing he had discoursed with them; that was his infirmity, though otherwise a person of most excellent parts, and a very fine bred gentleman."—Pp. 72, 73.

It will be gathered from the following account of an apparition, that the old women of the present day have not the merit of originality in imputing the hobgoblins of their own imagination to the great superstition of the Irish:

"From hence we went to the Lady Honor O'Brien's, a lady that went for a maid, but few believed it: she was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Thomond. There we staid three nights. The first of which I was surprised by being laid in a chamber, when, about one o'clock, I heard a voice that awakened me. I drew the curtain, and, in the casement of the window, I saw, by the light of the moon, a woman leaning into the window, through the casement, in white, with red hair and pale and ghastly complexion: she spoke loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, "a horse;" and then, with a sigh more like the wind than breath, she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I was so much frightened, that my hair stood on end, and my night clothes fell off. I pulled and pinched my father, who never woke during the disorder I was in; but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and showed him the window opened. Neither of us slept any more that night, but he entertained me with telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in England; and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing faith, which should defend them from the power of the devil, which he exercises among them very much."—Pp. 83—85.

The ready wit of our authoress is shown in her somewhat irregular method, which we here insert, of providing herself with a passport, as the subsequently cited passage manifests her spirit in the immediate expectation of more masculine encounters:

"At Wallingford House, the office was kept where they gave passes: thither I went in as plain a way and speech as I could devise, leaving my maid at the gate, who was much a finer gentlewoman than myself. With as ill mien and tone as I could express, I told a fellow I found in the office, that I desired a pass for Paris, to go to my husband. "Woman, what is your husband, and your name?" "Sir," said I, with many courtesies, "he is a young merchant, and my name is Ann Harrison." "Well," said he, "it will cost you a crown:" said I, "that is a great sum for me, but pray put in a man, my maid, and three children;" all which he immediately did, telling me a malignant would give him five pounds for such a pass.

"I thanked him kindly, and so went immediately to my lodgings; and with my pen I made the great H of Harrison, two ff, and the rrs an u, and the i an s, and the s an h, and the o an a, and the n a w, so completely, that none could find out the change. With all speed I hired a barge, and that night at six o'clock I went to Gravesend, and from thence by coach to Dover, where, upon my arrival, the searchers came and demanded my pass, which they were to keep for their discharge. When they had read it, they said, "Madam, you may go when you please;" but says one, "I little thought they would give a pass to so great a malignant, especially in so troublesome a time as this."—Pp. 129—131.

"When we had just passed the Straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish galley well manned, and we believed we should be all carried away slaves, for this man had so laden his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns; he called for brandy, and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds; this was sad for us passengers, but my husband bid us be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, the women, which would make the Turks think that we were a man-of-war, but if they saw women they would take us for merchants and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun and bandoliers, and sword, and, with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until, at length, the cabin-boy came and opened the door; I all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown, and putting them on and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion, which I could never master.

"By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each others forces, that the Turks' man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, "Good God, that love can make this change!" and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage; and in the beginning of March we all landed, praised be God, in Malaga, very well and full of content to see ourselves delivered from the sword and plague, and living in hope that we should one day return happily to our native country."—Pp. 91—84.

FRUITS.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. II.—Part II. Vegetable Substances: Fruits. 12mo. Knight. London, 1829.

THE 'Part' now before us (V.) of 'The Library of Entertaining Knowledge,' certainly contains a vast quantity of information on a subject of very general interest. The knowledge it conveys is indispensable; considerable diligence has been exerted in getting together the matter; the style in which this is put forth is familiar and pleasing, and the arrangement is judicious and obvious. Yet must we add, that we should belie our confidence in the labours of the Society from which 'The Library of Entertaining Knowledge' proceeds, were we to treat this half volume as a favourable specimen of the works which we look for at their hands. Not that we tax it with faults of commission. We complain of its omissions; we are disappointed to find the text for the greater part merely letter-press descriptions of the cuts, and but very insufficiently enriched with those embellishments of which the subject is certainly susceptible. We are quite willing, however, to make allowances, and to take into consideration the difficulty, perhaps it would be but justice to say, the impossibility of giving more than mere accounts of upwards of seventy fruits

in the compass of one of these half volumes. But then where was the necessity of confining the subject within such narrow limits to the sacrifice of those qualities which are required to maintain the character of entertaining?

In the treatment of the fruits, moreover, we regret to seek in vain for one of those advantages which are very naturally looked for in a work proceeding from a *Society*, namely, a *personal* acquaintance with most, if not all, of the different branches of its subject. It would have been unreasonable to expect that one man should have had it in his power to furnish the required information from his own experience concerning the fruits of Europe and of those of Australia, for instance. But in times like these, when almost out of every three men who meet together, one has made the tour of Europe for his pleasure or instruction, and another has been led by some speculation of commerce or curiosity to the most remote corners of the globe; and when we consider, too, how widely the connections of this Society are diffused, it would seem that there was not a single fruit of the seventy treated of, on which an account possessing all the charm and freshness of actual observation might not have been procured. We should be mistaken, no doubt, were we to conclude that neither the author of Part V., nor any one of the Society, who have superintended its production, had visited a wine country; yet it is difficult to believe that those who had descended the Rhine would have placed the limit of the growth of the vine, without some emphatic exception, just above the point where commences that region to which we are indebted for the far-famed Hock and the other Heims.

Nor do we well see how an author intimate with the subject of the vine, when treating of its growth in England, could have withheld his speculations on their quality by an imagined comparison with the produce of latitude, climate, and soil analogous to our own; had he so indulged he would have found and given a better reason than he has furnished why our ancestors made a willing exchange of the juice of the grape for John Barleycorn. Entertainment, we cannot help thinking, might have been afforded to some of our stay-at-home bodies and youthful readers by a short sketch (a half page would have sufficed) of the prices and qualities of wine in different districts; there are those who would have made large eyes at being told that on the shores of the Mediterranean good stuff may be had at a penny a bottle; and then we might have been favoured with pictures of those steep and rugged declivities which are made to yield the most delicious liquors,—of the shelved rock and ledges which the industrious and ingenious wine-grower has contrived to convert into most productive vineyards: we might have been let into the secret also of that miraculous property of reproduction, which permits that the annual consumption of an article exceeds, we will not say by ten times, but by a hundred times, the quantity grown.

And surely a picture of a vintage scene would not have been misplaced in a professedly entertaining account of the vine. British farmers would have stared at the idea of waiting for a government precept before commencing their harvest, and at being told that in several wine countries the agriculturist is obliged to stay for the ordonnance of the public authorities before he begins to gather his fruit. What a subject too for a picture, in clever hands, would the groups of men and oxen, and troughs employed in bearing home the fruits to the dwellings of the owner; those black, massive, four-wheeled troughs, all variegated with spots of purple dye, standing at the farmers' door, and as the sun goes down pouring forth their rich red stream into a vase beneath, as the fruit above is pressed and trodden by the heavy yeomen; how beautifully then the pink froth floats, eddies, and rises as the juice increases; and how bacchanal appear the wine-stained groups of men and oxen,—the noble cream-coloured oxen of Lombardy!—as, their day's labour done, and crowned with the autumn-tinged vine leaves, almost as purple as the fruit itself, they go down to purify in the limpid brook. The little half-volume might not have admitted of digressions of this kind, but we cannot

help deeming that an entertaining account of the grape must be imperfect without them.

Nor is it the vine alone of which the account shews the want of an extensive personal knowledge with the fruit described. In treating of the currant, for instance, allusion might have been made to the use it is put to in other countries; our housewives might have had hints to treat us now and then on a sultry day with the cheap and delightful beverage so refreshing to the gentle gay coquettes after a quadrille in the gardens of Tivoli or Sceaux, or Fontenay aux Roses. We might have been reminded of the cooling antifebrile draught made from the seeds of the melon and from the powder of the almond; in describing the prickly pear, the favourite amusement of throwing it high into the air, and, after a run of yards, catching it in the mouth,—with what a squash it falls on the forehead, nose, or eye of those less expert in the art!—should not have been omitted. And why is the pistaccio excluded from the list of nuts? Could our author give no explanation of the blood-orange? But the mention of this fruit reminds us that we may be unjust in the surmises into which we have been led, and that the account of this well-known fruit and the picture of the Riviera di Genova, have in truth the air of proceeding from the pen of one who had bonâ fide, and not in imagination alone, scented an orange grove; and yet had he ever eaten melon with his boiled beef, surely he would have noticed it! We confess ourselves puzzled. Must we retract the charge we have made of want of personal acquaintance in the author with the subject on which he has treated; or must we give him credit for remarkable ingenuity and power of appropriation? but then why were not these qualities exercised in the rest of his book? However we shall quote the account of the orange as the most interesting and lively portion of Part V. The author is speaking of the neighbourhood of Nice:

'The glory of that delightful country is the orange, which, when full grown, attains the height of about five and twenty feet, and is graceful in all its parts. The trunk and older branches are of a delicate ash colour; the twigs of so soft a green that they almost appear transparent; the leaves are moderately large, beautifully shaped, of a fine healthy green, and shining on the upper sides, while the under ones have a slight appearance of down. The flowers, which are in little bunches, and very graceful in their form, are, in the sweet oranges, of a delicate white, and, in the more acid varieties of the family, lightly marked with pink. Some plants have a more powerful odour, and are for the moment more rich; but there is a freshness in the aroma of an orange-grove which never offends or cloy; and as the tree is at one and the same time in all stages of its bearing—in flowers, in fruit just set, and in golden fruit, inviting the hand to pull and the palate to taste,—it is hardly possible to imagine any object more delightful. The perfumes of Arabia do not exceed the fragrance of the groves on the north of the Mediterranean, in which the beautiful white Provence rose, the tuberose, and countless other flowers, blend their sweets with that of the orange; and where, with all this richness, the pestilential airs of the tropics, and even the *sirocco* of the southern parts of Italy, are altogether unknown. This delightful fertility and fragrance accompany the chain of the Apennines round the whole gulf of Genoa, and until, upon the boundary of the plain of Tuscany, they subside in elevation, and bend more towards the Adriatic.

Tuscany is further to the south; but the climate and the vegetation cannot be compared to those of the little valleys of Provence and Liguria, especially the latter. About Florence, there are still orange-trees in the gardens; but there are none of those aromatic groves and plantations which are found further to the west. Nor are the causes difficult to find out. There is an enemy on each side of the plain of Tuscany, which will not allow the orange to arrive at perfection. The gales that come from the south-east, over the sandy shores near Leghorn, are not adapted for a plant which, as well as heat and pure air, requires a considerable quantity of moisture; and the winds from the north, that are cooled in passing over the Adriatic, are not so genial as those from the Alps that are warmed in passing over the vale of Lombardy.

But still the olives, the grapes, and the melons of the vale of the Arno, in so far compensate the inhabitants for the want of the orange.

'Eastward of Tuscany, though the coast of Italy inclines still further to the south, it is even less adapted for the production of the orange; the sea coast is barren, the interior is dreary, and over the whole the pestilential *mal-aria* creeps, forbidding man to approach even for the cultivation of the fields; and thus it may be that, ere long, the arid downs by the sea will meet the marsh of the interior, and the centre of Italy shall be desolation to the very base of the Apennines. After the gulf of Gaeta is passed, and the shelter of the more elevated mountains of Calabria is obtained, orange groves again make their appearance.

'Thus the locality of the orange depends fully as much upon situation and soil as upon latitude; and therefore we need not wonder that, considering the many and varied lands in which it is cultivated, there should be so many varieties of its fruit. There is no absolute reason for supposing that the sweet and the bitter orange were originally different; and even now they are not so different as two mushrooms of the very same variety,—the one produced upon a dry and airy down, and the other upon a marsh. Now, if it be true that the bitter orange of Seville came, by successive removals, from the head of the Persian Gulf, along the margin of the salt desert, till it reached the states of Barbary, where it was transplanted into Spain; if the sweet orange of Malta, Italy, and France came through the more fertile parts of Persia and Syria; and if the orange of India and the Azores came direct from China; it would follow that each should have those qualities which we find in it; and that the opinion of Galesio is borne out by the only evidence which the case admits.

'Looking at the facts, we are induced to infer, that, if the temperature be sufficiently high for maturing its flavour, the orange is delicious in proportion to the uniform salubrity of the air; and that those high temperatures which force a very large expansion of the fruit are against the fineness of its quality. In this respect, we have an opportunity of contrasting both the oranges of islands and those of continents. St. Michael's, in the Azores, and Malta, are both small islands; the former always exposed to the equalizing breezes, which, from whatever quarter they blow, are always wafted across the expanse of the Atlantic; and the latter lying near the dry and sultry shores of Africa, and, of course, subjected to more changes of season and a higher temperature. There is also some difference in the soil. Whether it be the decomposition of the rock, or saline particles, brought by the same pestilential wind that withers the south of Italy and Sicily with the *sirocco*, it is well known, that under the artificial earth (brought originally from Sicily) which forms the soil of Malta, there gathers a crust; and that if the earth be not trenched, and this crust removed at the end of a certain number of years, it ceases to be productive, or the produce becomes so bitter, that it is not healthful. St. Michael's has no such disadvantage; the soil there is native and fertile, and deposits nothing calculated to injure its fertility, or impair the qualities of its produce.

'The oranges of the two islands are such as one would expect from those differences: the Maltese orange is large, the rind is thick and spongy, the glands that secrete the volatile oil are prominent, the pulp is red, and there is a trace of bitterness in the taste; while the St. Michael's orange is small, the rind is thin and smooth, the glands less prominent, the volatile oil in smaller quantity, and the lighter coloured pulp more sugary and delicious. Some allowance must no doubt be made for the original differences of those oranges, regarding them as having come in the manner stated by Galesio; but they have now been long enough in both islands for having their qualities modified by the different climates and soils.

'The modifications produced by differences of soil and climate, in the same vegetable, are among the most important inquiries in the science of plants; and they are at the same time among the most difficult, and certainly the least attended to. One principal source of the difficulty lies in the observer being as much changed as the thing observed. Those who are parched with thirst do not stop to analyze the water, or descant upon the flavour of whatever beverage they may have recourse to for slaking it. The removal of the painful sensation is for them

far more delicious than the purity of the most limpid spring, or the flavour of the choicest wine. Just so with man when he is panting under a burning atmosphere: the fruit which is most delicious to him is that which is most cool. This necessary change in the judge, as well as the thing judged of, must never be omitted when we come to compare the fruits of different countries as reported of by those who have enjoyed them there; and we never can be certain of their real merits till we have them decided by the same individual under the same circumstances. To take a case in point: a guava, apart from its rarity, is certainly not in this country any thing comparable to a peach; and yet those who have been in tropical countries talk in raptures of the guava, and say that the fruit grown here is inferior and degenerated. But they should bear in mind, that in the tropical countries there is the tropical zest, as well as the tropical flavour. The man who traverses a mountain country in the north, needs not the glittering fountains that issue from every rock around him; but send him from Suez to Basora, or from Morocco to Fezzan, and he would remember them with veneration.

But, again, we have a further confirmation when we compare the continental oranges. The climate of the slopes and valleys of the Estrella, near the lower Tagus, and that of the Maritime Alps, and the Apennines, in Provence and Liguria, are certainly very different from the climate of Andalusia. The diversities of surface, and the vicinity of the sea, keep the air over the former places in continual play and motion, and prevent those intense heats which unquestionably (though by a process which chemistry has not yet fully investigated) render the juices of plants acid, acrid, or saline; while, from the wider extent of Andalusia, and its comparative distance from the ocean, the air over it is, in the warmer months, much more quiescent.

These considerations will, to a certain extent, explain why there are so many varieties in a fruit, which, according to the authorities, appear all to have come from the same part of the world; and a further extension of these considerations would form a criterion of the situations in which it would, or it would not, be desirable to cultivate the orange.—Pp. 343—348.

DE BOURRIENNE'S MEMOIRS.

Mémoires de M. de Bourrienne, Ministre d'Etat sur Napoléon, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire et la Restauration. Tomes I. II. III. et IV. 8vo. Paris chez Ladvocat, et Londres chez Barillière. 1829.

(Continued from page 563.)

IN the passage from Toulon to Alexandria, M. de Bourrienne formed a friendship with the unfortunate Admiral Bruëys, and he paints feelingly the anxiety of that commander at the ill equipment of the naval part of the expedition which he had to conduct, and his apprehensions as to the disastrous consequences of a rencontre with Nelson. He subsequently exculpates the admiral from the blame of remaining in the bay of Aboukir, after the disembarkation of the troops, and, consequently, relieves him of the responsibility which Bonaparte had unjustly sought to attach to him for the destruction of the fleet. Sir Walter Scott has argued this subject, and shown the improbability that Bruëys would have remained at Aboukir, had he, as Bonaparte alleges, received orders either to enter the port of Alexandria with the squadron, or to proceed to Corfu. The author of the memoirs supports Sir Walter Scott in this view of the question, and not only states facts within his knowledge, which prove that the responsibility of remaining at Aboukir did not rest with Bruëys, but reprobates the injustice of Napoleon in attempting to saddle the memory of the deceased admiral with the reproach of exposing his squadron to the risk of an attack, the result of which could not be doubted. M. de Bourrienne is very full and particular on this point. We do not propose to follow him minutely in his details, yet the light which his account of the transaction throws on the character of Bonaparte, and the satisfaction of contributing to remove an undeserved stigma, however slight, from the memory of

a brave man, induce us to quote a few of the most interesting particulars. He says:

‘Who is the accuser? Bonaparte. What is the criminal document? The letter of the 20th of August, 1798, from the general-in-chief to the Directory. In the preceding letters he had constantly praised the talent and cool judgment of Bruëys.

‘We shall show, that in this letter, written fifty days after his landing in Egypt, Bonaparte, anticipating what he afterwards gave out in his conversations at St. Helena, misrepresented facts, changed dates, affirmed as certain what was at least doubtful, and laid blame on the innocent, in the hope to escape all imputation on himself.

‘Bonaparte had run an ill equipped squadron upon the tracks of the English fleets. He had the good fortune to arrive in Egypt. His naval armament was destroyed, as it was more than probable that it would be; let Bruëys’ conversation with me during the passage be borne in mind. But because no reverse of fortune must in any case happen to Bonaparte; he said, “Had they listened to me, the fleet would not have perished.”

‘This vehement desire to go down to posterity, as one never in the wrong, with a fame perfect in every respect, had succeeded very well until then, for he had never yet experienced a reverse. But on this occasion he was tormented by doubts, as to the impression which this important affair would have on the public mind. Yet he might have justified himself very well without throwing blame on others.

‘I will own it here once for all: the whole simple truth was never admitted into the despatches of Bonaparte, when that truth was, in even a slight degree, unfavourable to himself, and when it was in his power to dissemble. He even very often altered the despatches of others, which he had printed, if they were contrary to his views, or could give any blow to his reputation, to his actions, or to the opinion which he desired men should have of him.’

In proof of these assertions, M. de Bourrienne publishes the sketch he himself had made of a despatch announcing the disaster of Aboukir according to the facts, and which began by stating—

“Admiral Bruëys, unable to enter the old port of Alexandria, in which vessels of the size of those under his command cannot ride, was compelled by imperious circumstances to await in the roads of Aboukir a favourable moment for sailing for Corfu.”

In this letter there was neither censure nor justification; but Bonaparte having read over the draft, smiled and returning it to me, said, “It is too vague and too honey-worded.....you do not say a word about fortune; and, according to you, Bruëys is not to blame. You don’t know mankind! Leave it to me. Write.”

M. de Bourrienne then cites at length the despatch dictated to him by Napoleon, and containing full details of the proceedings both of the land and sea forces. With regard to the latter, after stating that the communications between the admiral and himself had been for some time intercepted, but had been at length re-established, Napoleon says—

‘I received many letters from the admiral, from which I perceived with astonishment that he was yet at Aboukir. I wrote to him immediately that he should not lose an hour either in entering the port of Alexandria or making the best of his way to Corfu.’

The part of the despatch relating to the naval disaster concludes as follows:

‘It appears to me that Admiral Bruëys was unwilling to sail for Corfu before he had ascertained beyond a doubt that he could not enter the port of Alexandria; and that the army, of which he had received no news for a long time, was in a situation not to require the means of retreating. If in this fatal event he has committed faults, he has expiated them by a glorious death.’

On this despatch, the private secretary remarks: ‘I ought to add, that Bonaparte himself laughed at this change in the account of the calamity; the object he had in so altering it was to prevent any idea that the misfortune was in any way to be laid to him; but sure that his assertions would be relied on, and that the influence of his name would sway public opinion in their favour,

he never hesitated to disguise the truth when the disclosure of it would at all dim his glory. He called it silliness not to act in this manner.’

Official documents, given by way of notes, are further referred to, to prove the truth of an affirmation with which the account of this transaction concludes, namely:

‘The general-in-chief never had entertained the idea of letting the fleet sail immediately for Corfu before he was in possession of Cairo, and he did not send to Bruëys on the 6th of July, the letter he mentions. He was too cautious to deprive himself so hastily of such a great resource in case of a reverse. He acted as a man of foresight. It was not his fault that the fleet perished, neither was it that of Bruëys. Before setting out for Salalahieh, he had often talked with me on the project of re-embarking on board the fleet.’

As to any alleged or supposed adoption by Napoleon of the Mussulman creed, M. de Bourrienne treats it as absurd to suppose that his words or actions in this respect ever signified more than a politic indulgence for the prejudices of the people whose superstitious feelings he was desirous not to shock. The only justification of the massacre of Jaffa he rests on the plea of the necessity occasioned by the scarcity of provisions. The details he gives on this head are minute and interesting: they differ in some measure from the statements of Napoleon himself, and from that of Miot, whom, however, in opposition to the authority whence Sir Walter Scott derives his information, he confirms as to the number put to death. We subjoin his account of the atrocious affair. Having stated, after two days’ siege, that Jaffa was taken by assault, and delivered up to pillage, he proceeds:

‘The massacre was horrible: General Bonaparte sent his aides-de-camp, Beauharnais and Croisier, to appease, where possible, the fury of the soldiery, observe what was passing, and return to give him an account of it. They learnt that a strong party of the garrison had retired into some vast buildings, a sort of caravanserai, consisting of a large court surrounded by edifices. They entered, having their sashes as aids-de-camps on their arms. The Arnauts and Albanians, who formed almost the whole of this body which had as yet escaped the massacre, declared from the windows that they were willing to surrender, if they could be assured of their lives, and be exempt from the massacre to which the town was abandoned; if not, they threatened to fire on the aids-de-camp, declaring that they would defend themselves to the last extremity. The two officers deemed that they could and ought to accede to this proposition and make them prisoners, notwithstanding the decree of death pronounced against all the garrison and the town taken by assault. They brought them to the camp in two bodies, one of which was estimated at about two thousand five hundred men, the other at fifteen hundred.

‘I was walking with the general in the front of his tent when he saw this mass of men arrive in the camp; and even before he had seen his aids-de-camp, he said to me, in a real tone of grief, “What would they have me do with them? Have I food for them? Have I vessels to carry them to Egypt or France? What the devil have these young men been doing for me!”

‘On the very first day after their arrival, a council was held in the tent of the general to decide on what was to be done. The deliberation was long, but nothing was determined. The morrow, in the evening, came in the daily returns of the generals of division. These were filled with reports of the insufficiency of provisions, with the complaints of soldiers, with their murmurs and discontent at seeing their bread given to enemies withdrawn from their lawful vengeance, since a sentence of death conformable to all the laws of war had been pronounced on Jaffa. All these reports were alarming, especially those of General Bon, who did not mince the matter, and who represented that a general revolt might be expected.’

A second council was held, in which the various alternatives were discussed, and all considered impracticable or dangerous.

‘The third day arrived, and no method of saving these wretched men that could be favourably entertained pre-

sented itself. The murmurs of the soldiery increased, the evil went on augmenting, all remedy appeared impossible, the danger was real and imminent. The order to shoot them was given and executed on the 10th March. It has been said that the Egyptians were separated from the other prisoners, but this is not true; there were none.

Many of these miserable beings, who composed the smaller column, and who had been marched towards the sea-side at a short distance from the other column, succeeded in gaining by swimming to some reefs out of the reach of gun-shot. The soldiers then laid their arms on the sand, and to induce them return had recourse to signs in use in the country to signify reconciliation. They came back, but as they advanced received their death wound and perished in the waves.

I shall content myself with these particulars on this horrible act of necessity, of which I was an eye-witness. Others who saw it as well as myself have spared me the task of the bloody recital. The scene of atrocity makes me shudder when I think of it, even now as on the day when I witnessed it, and I would that I had the power of forgetting it rather than be forced to describe it. Whatever can be imagined of frightful would fall short of the reality of that day of bloodshed.

I have told the truth, and the whole truth. I was present at all the discussions, at all the conferences, at all the councils. I had not, of course, a deliberative voice, but I must declare that the result of the debates, the situation of the army, its scarcity of provisions, the smallness of its numerical force in the midst of a country where every individual was an enemy, would have extorted my vote in the affirmative had I been called on to give one.

Of the other no less horrible affair, the poisoning those affected with the plague at Jaffa, M. de Bourrienne expresses himself warmly and positively as to his belief in the certainty of its perpetration. He combats the suppositions which have been resorted to in support of the contrary opinion; and adds,

"I have said what I think was true at the time, and what I believe to be true still. I cannot say that I saw the potion given; I should tell an untruth if I did so; I cannot therefore name any person without running the risk of being guilty of an inaccuracy. But I know for certain that the decision was come to, and that it must have been formed after a council, and that the order for it was given, and that the sick died; this I guarantee to serve for the discovery of the truth. What! that which the day after the departure from Jaffa formed the subject of conversation of the whole head-quarters as an affair that had positively taken place,—that which we all conversed of as a horrifying misfortune,—that which the whole voice of the army repeated,—which was regarded as a fact, and of which the details only were the subject of inquiry, without a single doubt of the fact itself having occurred, (and I appeal to every honest man who was present),—this so thoroughly believed a fact,—is an atrocious invention to malign the reputation of a hero, who, if this were the only reproach that could be made against him, would descend with a pure name to posterity!"

M. de Bourrienne, in a note, treats the administering the soporific draft as an act of imperious necessity, and as one of humanity rather than of barbarity or cruelty.

We turn from these scenes of horror to one of a more amusing character; namely, a picture of Napoleon jealous. It is curious, and corroborates the contents of a letter of which an extract appeared a short time since in 'The Athenæum,' from the third volume of 'The Memoirs of Josephine.'

"One day while we were near the fountains of Messoudiah, under El Arish, I saw Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as he was wont often to do. I was at a short distance only, and my eyes at this time, I hardly know why, remained fixed on him during the conversation. The face of the general, always pale, had become more so than ever. His features were in a degree convulsed, his looks wild, and every now and then he struck his forehead. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, he quitted Junot, and came towards me. I had never before seen him look so unhappy, so abstracted. I advanced to meet him, and as soon as we were together, 'You have no real friendship for me,' said he, in a sudden and harsh

tone! "Woman!.....Josephine!.....Had you been attached to me you would have informed me of all that I have just heard from Junot: there is a true friend. Josephine! and I am at six hundred leagues distance.....You should have told me.....Josephine!.....to have thus betrayed me.....She.....Woe to them.....I will exterminate this race of sparks and gullants! As for her.....divorce;—yes, public, notorious divorce. I must write; it is your fault; you should have told me." These violent and interrupted exclamations, his disconcerted countenance, his altered voice, enlightened me sufficiently as to the subject of the conversation he had had with Junot; I perceived that Junot had been guilty of great indiscretion with regard to the general; and that even if there were any faults with which Madame Bonaparte could be reproached, they had been cruelly exaggerated. My situation was one of extreme delicacy; nevertheless I was fortunate enough to preserve my coolness, and as soon as a moment's calm had succeeded to his first transports, I began by assuring him that I had never heard any thing of the kind of those things which I supposed Junot had been relating to him; and that even if such reports, often no more than the offspring of calumny, had reached me, and I had thought it my duty to impart them to him, I should not have chosen for so doing a moment when he was at a distance of 600 leagues from France. Notwithstanding these representations, which he listened to at first with sufficient tranquillity, the word divorce still escaped his lips at intervals, and it requires a knowledge of the degree to which the irritation of his mind arose when he was affected by any serious trouble, to form an idea of what Bonaparte was under this unpleasant circumstance. I did not quit the subject however; I repeated what I had before said to him; I reminded him with what levity random tales were spread and received; the thoughtless amusement of the idle, but worthy only of the contempt of superior minds. I spoke to him of his glory. "My glory!" he replied, "Ah! I know not what I would give rather than that that which Junot has told me should be true, so much do I love this woman! If Josephine be guilty, a divorce must separate us. I will not be the laughing-stock of all the prigs of Paris! I must write to Joseph; he shall get a sentence of divorce.".....I represented to him that as to the divorce, there would be time to think of that after mature reflection. These last words produced an effect which I could scarcely have hoped for so speedily; he became quite calm, and listened to me as if he felt the need of meeting expressions of consolation half way, and after this conversation he never again spoke to me on what had been the subject of it. But fifteen days afterwards, when before St. Jean d'Acre, he expressed himself to me very dissatisfied with Junot; complained of the mischief he had done by his indiscreet tales, which he began to look upon as the inventions of malice. I perceived in the sequel that he had never pardoned Junot this act of folly; and I can declare almost with certainty that this was one of the causes why Junot was never made marshal of France, as were many of his comrades, to whom Bonaparte was less attached than he had been to him. It will be easily believed that Josephine, who was afterwards apprised by Napoleon himself of what Junot had said, did not interest herself much in his behalf."

In the seventeenth chapter of the second volume of the Memoirs, M. de Bourrienne has inserted at length the notes on Egypt, made by Napoleon himself. They form a curious and valuable document, which it is impossible to peruse without feeling astonishment how, amidst the trouble and agitation with which he was continually harassed, he could have found opportunities for a work of so much detail, which displays such extraordinary precision.

In the last chapter of the same volume, M. de Bourrienne treats as a fable the tale of Bonaparte's entering the pyramids, and his celebrated conversation with the mufitis. He says:

"Now, Bonaparte did not enter the great pyramid; he never thought of doing so. If he had, I must have gone with him, for I never quitted him for an instant while in the Desert. He sent some of those who attended him into one of the great pyramids. He himself remained outside, and when those who had entered returned, they gave him an account of what they had seen in the interior,—that is

to say, they announced that they had seen nothing. All his reported conversation with the mufitis, ulemas, &c. is a sorry jest; the alleged interview itself is one of pure invention."

The last pages of the second volume are devoted to correct the misapprehension that the departure of Napoleon from Egypt was the consequence of a secret understanding with the Directory. M. de Bourrienne affirms, on the contrary, that it was purely the result of news he received by accident from Europe. The source of this intelligence was a Frankfort Gazette, sent to him by the English admiral, after the battle of the 25th of July, in which he had defeated the Turks at Aboukir. He had then been ten months without receiving news from France. Having read the journal with eagerness, he exclaimed, 'Well! my presentiments* have not proved fallacies; Italy is lost!!! The wretches! All the fruits of our victories have vanished! I must be gone!'

The volume concludes with a curious instance of the little ceremony with which the general was accustomed to treat his comrades in arms, however near their rank might be to his own. It was a great object with him to keep the circumstance, and more especially the time, of his departure a secret. Among the other means resorted to for blinding his army as to his real intentions, was the following trick played on his second in command:

"General Kleber, to whom Bonaparte intended to give the chief command, was invited to come from Danietta to Rosetta, to confer on affairs of the last importance. Bonaparte appointed this rendezvous, knowing that he should not be there himself; he was desirous of avoiding the reproaches and the bold frankness of Kleber. He then wrote to him all he had to say, and assigned, as a motive for not coming to the rendezvous, that his apprehension of the re-appearance of the English cruises obliged him to accelerate his departure by three days. But Bonaparte when writing, knew very well that he should have set sail before the letter would have reached Kleber. Kleber, in his correspondence, complained bitterly of this crafty behaviour."

KANGAROOS.

The Picture of Australia: exhibiting New Holland, Van Diemen's Land, and all the Settlements, from the First at Sydney to the Last at the Swan River. 8vo. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. London, 1829.

THE publication of this book is extremely seasonable; for the sake both of the subject of which it treats and the manner in which that subject is handled, it deserves a more detailed notice than we are enabled this week to afford it. Proposing, therefore, to make a sort of abstract of its contents in our next number, we content ourselves at present with recommending it to the perusal of our readers, by extracting, by way of sample, from the chapter on the peculiarities of Australian zoology, the following very interesting account of that singular animal the kangaroo:

"With these exceptions, though the quadrupeds of Australia differ, like those of other regions of the world, in their modes of life and description of food; though some of them have their teeth so constructed as to feed only on grass, though others have teeth adapted for the gnawing of bark, and though others again have canine teeth, and live upon animal food, they differ in one striking particular from all the quadrupeds of the other parts of the world,—with the exception of one or two genera which are not very extensively diffused, being confined to America and the south-east of Asia. The peculiarity in the Australian quadrupeds, which may be taken as their distinguishing characteristic, is the attachment of a

* Bonaparte had a bark on the Nile, called 'L'Italie,' which, being in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, the commander caused it to be blown up, and perished with it. When Napoleon received intelligence of this disaster, he expressed a firm conviction, which M. de Bourrienne says, no persuasions could divert him from, that the French had lost Italy.

sack or pouch of the cuticle to the abdomen of the female, which, partially in all instances, and entirely in most, covers the teats, and opens anteriorly. Into this pouch the young are received, in a small, formless, and embryo state, and they remain fixed to the teats till they be perfectly formed, and have acquired a size proportional to the size of the parent animal; at which time they are detached, and the teat, which had previously been extended, slender, and probably reaching the stomach of the young animal, becomes shortened, so that the young can then suck milky nutriment, like the other mammalia.

The production of these animals, which is one of the most singular and interesting inquiries, and which brings the mystery of animal production nearer to revelation than any other process by which the same purpose is effected, is not yet fully understood; and therefore it is one upon which the greatest caution is necessary—the more so that there is fiction blended with every thing that has been written on the subject, excepting the statement of facts that have been actually noticed by the most careful and the most scientific observers. It is somewhat singular, that a point of so much interest as the time when, and the manner in which, the young of these animals are placed in the external pouch (if they be placed there, and not formed in it *ab origine*), should have not been determined, considering the length of time that Britain has been in possession of New Holland, and the abundance of the animals under consideration that exists there. But it does not appear that the advancement of science, though in this instance it points pretty evidently to practical use, forms an object with those who have the management. There is thus no encouragement for scientific men in the colony; and those who are at home have not a sufficient number of specimens for enabling them to trace the operation continuously from its commencement. Dissections, and most minute ones, have been made, and careful observations taken, by and in concert with Sir Everard Home; but the result has only shortened the time, without removing the difficulty. In the internal structure of the female, these animals bear so close a resemblance to the mammalia, that it is not to be wondered at, though the earlier naturalists supposed that the young were born in the same manner as other mammalia, and that the pouch was nothing more than a convenient receptacle in which the mother might carry her young ones till they had acquired strength to run. This point, however, has been disproved, and they have been found in the pouch of very minute size, and resembling little lumps or tubercles hanging upon the teats, rather than young animals.

From this peculiarity in their formation the whole class have received the name of *marsupialia*, or pouched animals, without reference to the structure of the teats, or the habits of the genus or species; and this name is unexceptionable, though not descriptive of the qualities of the animal, any more than horned animals would be of the various genera that have these appendages.

Of the marsupialia of New Holland, some form, as it were, the flocks and herds of the country; some in the place (not of oxen, for they cannot be used for draught, but) of sheep, or rather, perhaps, of deer and antelopes, for they have not yet been domesticated, and they do not appear to be very easily tameable. Others, again, though they have more the form of bears and badgers, and are slow and unwieldy in their motions, are something analogous to hares and rabbits—their teeth are adapted for gnawing, and some of them burrow in the earth. A third class, from their habits, and the formation of their canine teeth, may be regarded as the *carnivori*, or wild beasts, which prey upon animals; but of these latter there is none yet discovered of a size and strength to be any way formidable to man. Besides these three general divisions, which, though having no pretensions to an accurate classification, may yet be of some service for popular purposes, there are a few animals whose structure may adapt them for feeding on insects and other small animals. As is the case with the animals of other countries, the flocks of Australia are edible; the smaller animals that live on vegetable food may be applied to the same purpose; the ones that are adapted for feeding on small animals are not relished by Europeans, though sometimes eaten by the natives; and the carnivorous animals, of which the number in any of the species does not appear to be very great, are not at all relished.

Kangaroos, of which there are many varieties, constitute the grazing animals. Their characters, and, excepting size and colour, their appearance, is in all the species and varieties nearly the same. The head is small, the mouth destitute of canine teeth, the eyes large, and the ears erect and pointed. The fore-part and fore-legs of the animal are small, the latter being divided into five toes, armed with strong claws. Those extremities are not used in running, though the animal makes use of them when feeding, and also as weapons of defence, for which they are by no means unavailing, either in striking blows, or in holding and hugging their adversaries, after the manner of a bear. Toward the hind quarters the whole of the race get comparatively thick and strong, and the hind legs are long, powerful, and remarkably elastic. The hind feet are singularly formed; they terminate in three toes, the central one remarkably long, and powerful in its articulation, and armed with a claw, which, in the larger species, is no simple weapon. The outside toe has also a claw of some size, but is not half the length of the middle one. The inside toe is of trifling dimensions, and terminates in two small claws, close together. The bottom of the foot is covered with an elastic substance, more abundant, and yielding more readily to pressure than that found on the foot of almost any other animal. It is hardly to be distinguished from a piece of thick *caoutchouc*, or India rubber. This padding of elastic matter enables the kangaroo not only to stand firm upon a hard and smooth surface, but to alight, after an immense bound, without any injury to its feet, or concussion to its body. The fore feet are padded in the same manner, though not so abundantly, and when it springs against an ascending surface, they assist in breaking its fall. The claw on the middle toes of the hind foot is the principal fighting weapon of the kangaroo, especially when the enemy comes to close quarters—the enemy being grasped between the fore legs, and ripped open by a single stroke of this powerful weapon, moved as it is by the great muscular strength of the large leg. Some idea of the power of a kangaroo's hind leg may be formed from the fact, that the elasticity of the two legs are sufficient, without any fulcrum, to throw an animal, weighing between two and three hundred weight, a distance of sixty, or, it is said, sometimes even ninety feet, at a single bound, and that the instant the feet touch the ground, the animal is elevated to another leap.

Those who have the best opportunities appear to be much more fond of shooting kangaroos than noticing any thing of their habits; and, therefore, it is not ascertained whether they attack or not, unless when themselves are in danger. It is clear, however, that their weapons, and mode of using them, are alike dangerous; and, if our information be correct, some that were at one time in Richmond Park evinced so vicious a disposition, that it was necessary to remove them.

The tail is large and very muscular, and the animal uses it as a counterpoise in hopping, and occasionally as a prop when it is standing erect, so that, in this position, it has a good deal the appearance of a three-footed animal with two hands,—it often using the fore paws as hands, in plucking grass and conveying it to its mouth, or holding a bunch in one hand—even shifting it from one to the other, till it be gradually eaten. The tail of the kangaroo is also a tolerably efficient weapon; as in hopping about, the tail is swung in all directions, and the stroke of it is sufficient to stun a moderately-sized dog, or even to kill him outright.

It is probable that the kangaroo, at least in the large species, has no enemy but the Australian dog; and therefore its instinctive means of warding off the attacks of dogs are numerous, and, apart from its modes of feeding, constitute the principal parts of its character. These are found by the colonial hunters, to be, in a powerful animal, perfectly adequate to the repelling of a single dog, if he do not come upon the kangaroo by surprise. When chased, there is the stroke of the tail; and in addition to that, the jerking out of the hind leg; which, if it takes effect, is both a severe blow, and a still severer laceration,—as the powerful articulation of the central toe gives to that a very rapid motion, by means of which it tears while the foot is striking. Then, if the animal turns and stands at bay, the fore feet strike while the enemy is not at close quarters; and if he once be grasped, there is the hug and

the finishing stroke of the hinder foot. Even in water the kangaroo is formidable, and it seems to know that; for, sorely pressed, it takes to the water, if there be water near, and instead of merely attempting to escape by swimming, as is the case with the stag (though he too sometimes stands at bay in water), it is almost uniformly in order to keep them at bay, which it does by striking at the dogs, or by seizing them and thrusting them under water. Thus, even from the little that is known of the habits of those singular animals, we have in the larger ones a means of defence as singular as their form is, compared with that of European animals. Of these they certainly approximate nearer to the stag than those of any other; though the form of the animal makes the means of putting the instinct in execution quite different.

Kangaroo hunting is one of the Australian sports; and, in open places, where the surface is not intersected with deep gullies, is successful: the dogs must, however, be trained to the sport, and if the kangaroo be large, there must be several of them. If the country be intersected and contain rocks or brushes of underwood, the chase has little chance of success, as the kangaroo bounds over these obstacles, while the dogs are obliged to make a circuit.

Several species even of large kangaroos have been enumerated by naturalists, and are also named by the colonists. But, as the naturalists may have seen the animals of the same species in different stages of their growth, or with accidental differences of colour or size, the distinctions made cannot be regarded as conveying perfect information. The species mentioned by the colonists are: the forest kangaroo, which is of an ashen grey colour, with a slight tinge of brown, and darker on the under part of the body. It gets the name of forest kangaroo, from being chiefly found on those dry places, partially covered with trees, to which the name of forest is given—the tangled woody surface in the latitude of Sydney being generally composed of small and stunted trees, and being called bush, or brush, and not forest. Another, which is styled the mountain kangaroo, is black, with shaggy hair, and found upon the hills. There is a third, the red kangaroo, so called from its colour, which is chiefly found on the plains, or more open forests. Its fur is smooth and soft. In the interior a kangaroo has been met with, with fur so long and soft, as to get the name of the woolly kangaroo. These are all animals of considerable size, being found of the weight of between two and three hundred pounds; and they are all sought after for food; while their skins, in some places of the country, more especially in the south-western parts of New Holland, and in Van Diemen's Land, are used by the native inhabitants for cloaks, while the colonists dress and prepare them as leather. When used for food, the fore part of the kangaroo is but little regarded; the great mass of the muscles being about the loins and the hind quarters. They are remarkably destitute of fat, except, at certain seasons, a portion near the insertion of the tail. The tail makes excellent soup; and the flesh of the animal is generally chopped into small pieces, and stewed with the addition of a quantity of pork,—the dish so prepared being locally termed “a steamer,” and being by no means despicable food.

Among the rocky and broken places, and on the more sterile lands, there are several species of much smaller kangaroos, which are seldom found exceeding sixty pounds in weight, and often falling far short of that. The delicacy of their flesh as food, is said to increase as the size of the species or the variety diminishes; but on this, as well as most other points respecting the natural history of the country, information is vague.

The kangaroos produce only one young at a time, which, after it has been for some time detached from the nipple in the pouch of the mother, occasionally leaves that receptacle to browse the same herbage on which she feeds. In cases of alarm, however, it retreats to the maternal pouch; and there are instances mentioned, in which a female, thus loaded, on being closely pursued, has disburthened herself of her young one; but these instances of want of maternal affection are very rare—and probably not very well authenticated.—Pp. 160—169.

MEDICINE NO MYSTERY.

Medicine no Mystery; being a Brief Outline of the Principles of Medical Science; designed as an introduction to their general study as a branch of a liberal education. By John Morrison, M.D. and A.B. Trin. Coll. Dublin. 8vo. pp. 165. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London, 1829.

'How is it that every man that lives in society, and who has received the education of a gentleman, thinks it requisite to know something of the laws of his country? Because the preservation of his property and his rights are concerned with and protected by them. Of agriculture and architecture?—Because his interest and his comforts are connected with such knowledge. Why is it that such a man seeks to acquire some knowledge even of farriery and the diseases of the horse?—Because his enjoyments are connected with the perfection of that animal. He takes a pride in such knowledge, and would not by any means be thought to be ignorant in those matters; and yet, of that science which treats peculiarly of himself, and with which his health, his life, and all his comforts are so often connected, he is entirely uninformed, and does not hesitate to avow his ignorance!'—Pp. xvi, xvii.

In reply to this, we would venture to remind Dr. Morrison of the universal application of the proverb, 'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'

We would answer him, that it is dangerous to the 'gentleman' to know 'something' of the laws by which his property and his rights are preserved, because it is the nature of man to presume on a smattering of science. On the strength of his legal knowledge it is that Squire Numskull draws his own leases and makes his own testament; hence lawsuits with his tenants during his own life, and the curse of chancery entailed on his posterity! He dabbles in agriculture, and his soil, and flocks, and crops remain profitless; he is his own architect, and if he build not a house without stairs, yet is he sure to make for himself an abode full of inconveniences during his own occupation, and a drug in the market utterly unsaleable, should he at a future time be inclined or necessitated to dispose of it. But if a slight knowledge on subjects comparatively of little importance be perilous, how much more is it to be deprecated when connected with an object in which we are so much interested, which is of a nature so delicate as health, and on which we are liable to be affected, not by actual circumstances only, but by the fancies of the mind! This last consideration should make it imperative on all fathers of families never to let a medical book enter their doors. The causes of their ailments are and must be mysteries to the great mass of mankind, who have few opportunities of forming opinion on the feelings of their fellow-mortals, of comparing their own sensations with those of others, and whose experience must be consequently limited to their own sufferings. A superficial acquaintance with our physical mechanism, therefore, only tends to render us the slaves of a number of masters, for where there is a sprinkling of knowledge there will be abundance of fancies.

Dr. Morrison, moreover, is very severe on Surgeon-Apothecaries, whom he designates as Nostrum Monkeys. This we construe to signify merely that Dr. Morrison's guineas do not come in quite so fast as he could desire. Quacks and charlatans there are, no doubt, in every profession, and in every branch of every profession; but the general experience, we fear not to pronounce it, would regard false coins as more numerous in the upper than the inferior class of the faculty. The very pretension that an University diploma, and the requiring a one-pound-one fee, constitute a claim to confidence, very greatly and reasonably favours this impression. The world in general, although occasionally open to imposition, have penetration enough to distinguish between the profound and the shallow, the man of science and the empty pretender, be he physician or apothecary; and the education of the latter class of practitioners has so much improved within the last few years, that the confidence reposed in their skill is becoming, and deservedly so, every day more firm; and if the physicians would compete with them, they must arrange

some more eligible mode of remuneration than that by guinea fees indiscriminately. Sir Thomas Lawrence has his five hundred guineas for a half-length portrait; another member of the academy, whom we could name, might perhaps accept less than twenty. Then why should the Alpha and Omega of M.D.s equally require guinea fees? 'They manage these things better in France.'

In short, we cannot approve of the tone of Dr. Morrison's book. He is in a situation not uncommon with members of the faculty:—they would cure others, but cannot assign the cause of their own ailments. The introduction shows clearly enough that our doctor has not taken a sound view of his own case.

The Birth-Day and Other Tales, by Elizabeth Frances Dogley, Author of 'Fairy Favours.' Griffiths. London, 1829.

THE dedication to Mrs. Hemans, unsanctioned though it be, would insure a notice for this volume, and half warrant recommendation; but the little book has merits of its own: the tales are original, simple, and pleasing, of excellent tendency, and calculated for the amusement of children of almost any age above four years.

Das Osmanische Reich in Europa mit einem Theil desselben in Asien nebst den Angrenzenden Oestreichischen und Russischen Gebieten in dem stunde vom Jahre 1828, Bearbeitet in 6 Blättern nach den besten Quellen in der Cotta'schen Geographischen Anstalt in München, 1829.

The Ottoman Empire in Europe, with a part of its Asiatic Dominions, and the Frontier Territory of Austria and Russia, in the state in which it was in the year 1828, in 6 sheets, from the best authorities. Cotta. Munich. Black and Co. London, 1829.

WE hope to render a service to many of our readers by announcing the title of this map. It is very elaborate and executed with great nicety, but we confess ourselves at some loss to guess whence the opportunities for getting up a work of this kind with the accuracy required in modern maps have been derived. In countries which have been the theatre of war between the civilized powers of Europe, the means of forming accurate maps on any scale are amply afforded by the charts of the engineers attached to either hostile party, and were we at the end of 1830, instead of 1829, we should have felt no surprise at seeing this production the fruit of the present campaign, and should have full confidence in its details. At the same time, passing events render the geography of the country so interesting, that even making allowance for some inaccuracies and old errors, the map is a desirable one. The price is reasonable.

ENGRAVING.

Nature, painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R.A. Engraved by T. Doo, dedicated to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. Moon, Graves, and Boys. London, 1829.

A MORE charming subject than this has seldom been committed to the hands of the engraver: the original is one of the most delightful productions of the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, one which displays that happy combination of fancy with observation which constitutes the true artist. The beautiful group are portraits no doubt, but it is not the mere painter of resemblances, who would catch the felicitous characteristics of childhood, the hilarity, the vivacity, the happiness of innocence and health, the life and affection which are so touching in this sweet composition. How sparkling the joy of the younger; what expression of affectionate yet childly interest in the countenance of the elder! The execution too is most free and masterly. And for the engraver, he must have felt to the utmost the beauty of the original. His performance is a true

con amore production, full of soul, by a hand perfectly master of the burin. It is impossible to look at the plate without emotion.

NEW MUSIC.

The Maid of Llanvellyn, a Ballad, written by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, composed by Charles H. Purday.

A TRIFLING, simple, and pleasing little song; only twelve bars of melody diffused by da capos, and repetitions (in rather a noticeable manner) through five pages. This peculiarity is the newest and most remarkable feature of the publication. It is a moderato in the key of D, very inoffensive and easy to be sung.

Le Caprice, Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte: composed and inscribed to Miss Elizabeth Gearing, (Rectory, Bow.) By H. Mullinex. Cramer and Co.

THIS is the first composition of Mr. Mullinex we have had an opportunity of noticing, and we review it with pleasure as the work of a very talented and respected professor and teacher. 'Le Caprice' presents but a short introduction, and brilliant waltz in the shewy key of A. It is by no means a laboured or difficult piece, but possesses considerable merit.

'Tit for tat' Quadrilles, selected from Mozart's admired Opera, 'Così fan tutte,' to which is added Weber's last Waltz, arranged for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, by G. Perry. A. Pettet.

AN excellent arrangement of tunes to be danced to, followed by Weber's waltz in the key of B flat. This transposition renders it much easier of performance, and therefore very desirable for the multitude, but by no means an improvement upon the composition. Perhaps its principal charm proceeds from its being written by poor Weber in four and five flats.

'Love may be increased by Fears; the poetry from the Improvisatrice, by L. E. L.; the Music by I. I. Cobbin. C. Vernon.

THIS name is quite new to us; but by the composition it precedes, Mr. Cobbin must be a very well-informed and careful writer and musician. An unusual delicacy and nicety of arrangement in the accompaniment, and also in the punctuation and expression of the whole, deserves peculiar commendation, and imparts a very pleasing charm to it.

No. 5, 'Una voce poco fa,' from Rossini's admired Opera, 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia,' arranged for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by Bernard Lee. Mayhew and Co.

MR. LEE's fifth number is perhaps more acceptable than any that has preceded it, arising from the very delightful air chosen. His arrangement is so clear and conspicuous, so devoid of affectation and extraneous embellishment, (as it is frequently termed,) that it must be particularly acceptable to those who learn or teach the flute.

It may be well again to notice that the piano-forte is not an indispensable auxiliary, as the piece is well adapted (like all the others) as a flute solo.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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A LEGEND OF LORRICH.

It was a November evening, and the red clouds streaked with black piled themselves in the most fantastic shapes on the tops of the blue looking hills; the wind came with a rushing sound from the clefts of the Whisperthal, muttering all sorts of unintelligible nonsense, and sorely discomfited the Baron von Teufelsthal; for he knew well enough that it was only an old trick of his enemies, the gnomes, to make him uncomfortable at supper; not that he valued the stuff they talked, or the foul language they made use of to him, but he always hated any thing intellectual during the hours set apart for eating and drinking, and the other business of the day, except indeed it were a hunting song from Father Arnold, or a spiritual conversation respecting the graces of our Lady, with the young baroness; and therefore he fell into a violent passion that the elves should compel him to listen to the absurdities which they were chattering. But now, as if this was not enough to make any man crazy, Franz, the big porter, must begin an equally abominable clatter in the hall, so that between the porter and his knave, the disputer with them, and the gnomes from the Whisperthal, the hubbub became too much for man to bear. The baron, being of a choleric disposition, was well nigh driven mad by it.

'Hold! Franz, thou knave!' shouted the baron in a fury; 'what meanest thou by this uproar?' But the porter only vociferated so much the more, 'Thou shalt not come in, thou little ugly jolterhead! thou shalt not come in!' So after a while the baron himself, with many curses, for his boots were heavy, reached the scene of the dispute; and if he was angered by the noise, much more was he so when he found no one but Franz and his son, gesticulating, and shouting, and screaming as before, 'Thou shalt not come in! Thou shalt not come in!' Lucky it was then for them that the baron had left his large staff in the supper chamber, and that his boots were heavy, else there is no knowing what kicks and cuffs the porters might not have carried to bed with them that evening; but as he could not otherwise expostulate with them, he tired himself with calling them all the abusive names his vocabulary supplied; and these being soon spent, for the baron spoke volubly, and moreover had never learnt to read, he thought of inquiring what had caused all the uproar. 'It is all this little old man, noble knight,' said Franz, having recovered breath when the baron was railing at him. 'It was in vain that we told him your highness's injunctions to us to let no one enter; he says he is come to wed our young baroness, and that you are a churl to shut your doors on your son-in-law.' He might have said more, but as the baron was foaming at the mouth with rage, and had already kicked the joint-stool twice round the room, he thought it prudent to desist; and reflecting that the next best thing to restoring his master's harmony of mind would be to point out to him the proper person on whom to discharge his fury, he took the opportunity of finding the baron's hand empty, (he having just flung the goblets against the wall,) to direct his attention to a little ugly old man, who had perched himself on the pilaster of the staircase which led to the young baroness's chamber, and there sat with both hands on his sides screeching and roaring with laughter. Then the baron perceived, for the carved oak raven of his crest was in reality one of his foes, the gnomes of the Whisperthal; and as he looked he saw that the little old man's head grew bigger and bigger, and his features uglier and uglier, and his laugh louder and more discordant; and being now more than ever determined to avenge himself for the insolence of the elves upon the one whom he considered to have fallen into his hands by the right of war, he ran back to the supper-room for the quarter-staff of his confessor, the holy and jolly father, Arnold, and his own hunting-whip. Meanwhile, Franz and his son placed themselves one on each side of the portal with their wardens' clubs, and strange enough they thought it when they saw the little old man still shaking his sides, and heard his

harsh laugh still sound from the pilaster on which he was perched; for they knew their master, the baron, was a choleric man, and, when angry, struck hard both with fist and blade. But if their enemy knew not this, it was not for them to tell him; so with many winks and sly looks towards him, and ill-suppressed bursts of laughter, they watched the baron steal behind him in his slippers, and heard with delight the heavy crash of the staff as it fell on his ugly head, and then shivered into pieces with the weight of the blow! But their joy was cut short, when with a loud laugh the little old man past out of the baroness's chamber, bearing her fast asleep in his arms, and slipped between them; and they saw that what they had taken for his ugly face was in reality only the oak-carved raven on which the baron had broken his staff. So they laid about them lustily with their clubs, till by some strange accident, not holding them sufficiently tight in their hands, the large clubs flew forth, and following the direction of the centrifugal force, stretched them reciprocally across the doorway by which they had stood, checking in his course the baron, who with loud outcries was rushing forth, and laying him sprawling above them, swearing, cuffing, and kicking with all his might and main.

Seven years after this time, the sunset was softly spreading over the hilly banks of the Rhine; it was summer-time, and the rocks were fringed with soft mosses and with verdant trees, through which the stone sometimes peered like strange faces, sometimes rose high in sharp pointed pillar-like forms, with most fantastic friezes and capitals, and sometimes struggled in masses like feudal castles overhanging the valleys. The young Sir Hilchen had been riding all day over the mountains, and he now lay down to bask in the last rays of the golden sun, beneath one of the overhanging rocks; before him swept the Rhine, rapidly dashing along and foaming, and with a loud murmur striving against every stone in its banks, while every now and then a large fish leaped up from the waters and broke the monotonous voice of the stream with its lively motion; the leaves were all quivering in the evening breezes, making a soft harmony with their trembling, and the gales that shook them seemed to sing sweetly as they danced among the windings of the rocks. Sir Hilchen lay by his horse on the moss, and his heart rejoiced with the beauty of nature; and before he had long lain there, the thought of his youth, and strength came over him, and he felt that it was a fine thing to be a young knight, and to ride alone with spear and shield over trackless mountains, and in forests uninhabited by men; so he thought and thought, till in fancy he had wandered far from the spot on which he was lying, and his native hills; his shield had ceased to be white, for his deeds had been great; sometimes he saw himself the conqueror of mighty men, and the victorious champion of ladies, and sometimes in prison, and the hour of danger, he was overcoming all the malice of his enemies with the aid of a beautiful damsel; then like a mighty knight he was sitting in his baronial hall, and banners were flying over his head,—the rooms were filled with noble knights and high-born ladies, and while the servitors were carrying the wine-cups round, gentle minstrels were singing to their notes, and valiant old men were recounting the daring deeds of their youth; but above all, by his side was sitting the beautiful maiden whom his spear had rescued, or who had broken his fetters, and she was smiling on him, and touching his hand with her white fingers, and listening well pleased with his courtship and loving solicitations.

But the twilight came over the hills, and Sir Hilchen awoke from his happy dreams, and then he felt how he was alone in the world; he looked at his white shield with shame; then he inwardly vowed that he would not rest till he had won some blazon wherewith to break its reproachful clearness. But as he slowly rose to come away from his couch, he turned his eyes upon the mountains before him, and he looked upon the valley of the Whisperthal; and while he looked he fancied that in the darkness of the valley he could distinguish innumerable forms moving up and down, but what they were he could

not tell; and the whispers from the mountains seemed to speak with articulate words to him, which eluded his sense of hearing, but which seemed so plain to him that he could not choose but listen, so he stood there in silence, leaning forward to look into the gloom of the valley, and striving to understand what mysteries the powers of nature were whispering to him; and at length when utter darkness had covered the hills behind him, and the vast amphitheatre of mountains in which he stood grew gradually closer and closer round him as the moon rose over them, he distinctly caught his own name in the whisperings of the wind, while the quivering of the leaves, the rippling of the waters, and the sighing of the gales shaped themselves into a wild and elvish song, and floated round him on every side, and the owls hooted and the wild birds screamed, and ever and anon from the gorge of the mountain came shrieks of wild laughter, and whoopings and singings, which grew momentarily louder and louder, and this song was borne by the echoes to him:

Lay not the knight by the mountain stream,
Pleasing his sense with the sunset beam,
While we in the depths of our mountain quarry,
Where no idle gnome may tarry,
Were wreathing the gold, and shaping the mould
To catch the hot silver within it rolled.
Ho, ho, ho! What knight may do so?
For whom are the mines uporn?
For whom is the gold upborne?
Whose are the diamonds flashing bright,
Cheering the earth sons with earth-born light,
Whose are the crowns and the rich array?
Are they not his who shall boldly dare
From the depths of our caves to the morning air
By the might of his hand, and the sweep of his brand
Bear them away, away?

Then Sir Hilchen thought he saw all manner of wealth, heaps of jewels and gold, and rich armour inlaid with precious metals, and studded with stones which sent forth bright-coloured rays on every side through the darkness; and his old wish returned, and again he saw himself in a proud banquetting-hall, and he heard the songs of minstrels, and the low whisper of the beautiful maidens, but he knew these were only the machinations of the elves to entice him into their cavern, and to destroy him both body and soul, so he manfully set his face against the temptation, and he prayed to our Lady, and the images vanished from before him, and he saw nothing but the shield lying beside him on the grass, and heard nothing but the stream rolling steadily on at his feet, and took up his spear and shield, and put his foot into the stirrup of his saddle, when behold he looked again, and he saw a beautiful lady whom he well knew to be the same he had often seen in his dreams; but she was now sitting alone upon a hill-top, turning garlands of the strangest flowers Sir Hilchen had ever seen, and ever and anon, like a happy child, she would hang them from her head and shoulders, and smile at the entanglements of the wreaths, then tired with her sport she would take her harp and chaunt old verses of many songs, which the knight well knew to be legends of his native country, and which she sang as one striving to recal forgotten melodies doubtfully, but with a voice of ravishing sweetness; and suddenly he remembered the tale of the young baroness, whom the elves had borne away seven years before from her father's castle, and knew that many young knights had adventured for her love to brave the kings of the mountains in their strong holds, and had never returned alive; and he looked at his own well-nerved limbs and bright armour, and he weighed his sword in his hand, and thought that perhaps the achievement was reserved for him; and in his mind he vowed to rescue the lady or perish. 'We will ride manfully up into their hold, my good steed,' said he, 'and win her from them were they as many as the stars above us;' and the horse snorted and neighed as if he shared his master's feelings, and had no objection in the world to carrying double; then the young knight leaped into the saddle, and began to excite the noble steed to curvet and caracole, and while he sat thus

in knightly guise, he felt all his spirit revive within him, and remained prancing and leaping on the banks of the river quite reckless of the time of night or the little old man who for some seconds had been twitching his elbow. 'The young gentleman must be in love,' said the gnome: so Sir Hilchen felt as if he were rather ashamed of having been detected in such curious amusements; but, like a good Christian, he so far recovered himself as forthwith to breathe a prayer to our Lady; for the appearance of his companion troubled him, and surely it was not without reason, since at every word he uttered, the curious face became more distorted, and it seemed that two little horns shot out of it, tipped with a glow-worm light, which faded, and grew stronger, and faded again alternately, and the old man's eyes twinkled with all manner of colours, red, blue, and green, and white and yellow, and sometimes his whole face seemed of blue fire, and then the eyes stared with a dead black glare like two unlit coals, and instinctively the knight turned away from him, but turn where he might the ugly face was still before him uttering from its large mouth shriekings and screams of laughter which only increased as the devotion of the young man became more fervent. 'So ho! so ho! noble knight,' screamed out the gnome, 'it would be more courteous to leave that kind of nonsense behind when you come amongst us; we are a plain-dealing people, and have no churches,' and then laughed louder and louder, and uttered so many blasphemies that Sir Hilchen and his horse were well nigh petrified with horror; and fortunate it was for Sir Hilchen that his horse had been foaled in a good stable and well brought up in the main, having when young been rid by the warlike and Christian Bishop of Mayence; since had he not been thus struck cold with fear and disgust, he might have thrown his master into the river, and so at once concluded this and all his other adventures. But as it was, he stood still till the gnome, nettled at his appearance of coolness, exclaimed, 'Sir knight, you were for riding over mountain and crag, but now, for yonder lady's sake, and now you think to tire me by standing still on the banks; now, as my nature is good and my humour somewhat frolicsome, I like to be in motion, and I will give you the lady if you will follow me on your horse up the rock!' Then he suddenly soared away before the young man's eyes, and shook his sides with laughter as he hung by the steepest edge of the crag, swinging in the wind and hooting and calling the owls by all kinds of queer names, till they were quite unable to comprehend what he meant, and could only twinkle their eyes and hoot at him in return; but Sir Hilchen sat still on his horse, revolving the terms of his curious agreement, and determined to ride up the rock even were it as perpendicular as the walls of his father's castle. But the more he looked the steeper the crag grew and the uglier shapes they assumed, so he turned down his eyes and began to reflect how he might manage to ride up the crags and win the lady; but Sir Hilchen was no mathematician, so when the first grey streaks of morning had appeared, he was as far as ever from completing his task, and could it be believed that a good knight ever despaired of accomplishing a determination he had made, it might be suspected that Sir Hilchen allowed doubts occasionally to cross his mind concerning the feasibility of his project. The morning was very favourable for reflection, for it was soft and clear, and the owls were all gone to sleep, and the elves were tired of their noisy sport, and had ceased to flap their wings round the knight's head, and joke him upon his forlorn appearance, tricks which during the darkness had remarkably annoyed him; so he determined once or twice more to turn the matter over in his mind, and when he looked at the rocks they did not seem to him so very unaccessible; then the thought that the beautiful maiden of his dreams awaited him on the summit, cleared the way surprisingly before him, and he turned with such good will to make the first spring, that he very nearly ran over an old woman who sat before his horses' feet, and who could hardly be distinguished from a stone in the road, so curiously had she wrapt herself up in her grey cloak.

Now the knight was naturally gentle and cour-

teous, and had doubtless become none the less so for the cold and hungry night he had past on horseback; for, as every one knows, cold and hunger will melt the heart of a bear or wolf; should they then do less for a Christian knight? so he stepped from his seat and raised her up, and began rubbing her limbs, for he naturally thought she was frozen, till she gradually opened one large eye and then the other, and staring at the knight, burst into a fit of loud laughter. 'What here still, gentle youth,' said she, 'ah, it is always the same; how could I think love was more ardent now than in my young days!' Then Sir Hilchen was again mightily disturbed, for the dry looking face of the old woman, and her bony gums, against which her tongue rattled, making most unharmonious sounds, seemed to denote a family likeness between the old woman and his tormentors of the last night; and in this belief he might have continued to gaze till this very hour, had she not hobbled round him, singing out with all sorts of strange gestures:

Haste thee, Sir Knight,
The morn will be bright,
And the sun with his light
The caverns will fill;
If the maid be not won,
If the race be not run,
If the path be not done
By the side of the hill;
Nor angel nor devil,
Nor fairy nor gnome,
Can spell thee from evil:
Then haste to the home
Where the mine king sits,
And give him the thread
Which lies at thy side,
And he'll sharpen thy wits
Or give better instead;
And if thou wilt wed,
Good or evil betide,

He'll open the cells where the hill kings bide,
And give thee the maiden thy mountain bride!

Then the knight recalled to remembrance, and wondered how he ever could have forgotten, that just as the moon sank behind the tall pine-fringed hills of Lorrach, a strange looking figure had planted itself by his saddle bow, singing and spinning with all its might, and had given him a skein of golden thread, and had taught him how to propitiate the elves of the mines. So he now joyfully seized the skein, and turned back to the caverns on the left where the mine king dwelt; and it was not long before he found this, and having thrice struck with his dagger-hilt upon the door posts, and received no answer, he dismounted from his steed, and taking the skein in his left hand, he boldly entered; and mightily was he surprised when having past the threshold, he found himself in a splendid building, richer than any palace he had hitherto beheld, and yet unlike all other palaces, for what in them is built of stone and wood was here formed of solid gold, and what in them is built of gold and silver was here framed of emerald and diamond and ruby, and crystal seemed wreathed into strange cornices and architraves over pillars of the purest amber; but all the light this wonderful building received was from the crystal ornaments which were filled with some subtle and ever-living fire, dancing and glancing like the rays in drops of fair water; and at every step which the knight made, his heel clinked against the ingots of silver with which the palace was paved; and far in the distance he beheld a mighty blaze of light, which as far exceeded in brilliancy the rest of the splendour as a star exceeds the clouds which surround it. So towards this starlike spot he moved on, in wonder and amazement that so fine a palace should lack inhabitants. And as he went his eye glanced down magnificent cloisters, and wandered over spacious squares surrounded with lofty piazzas and columned porticoes, all cooled by innumerable fountains built of the solid gold and adorned with precious stones and crystal; but Sir Hilchen thought only of the lady of his love, and held his way onward undisturbed by the splendour. Then as he drew near to the blaze,

he saw that it proceeded from ten thousand fires which surrounded one lofty chamber, and in all of them the precious metals were glowing and bubbling, and flinging up bright stars of purple and green light. But in spite of the heat, Sir Hilchen proceeded, and then he saw how at every furnace stood ready many strange figures, who were busily handling the melted masses, and casting them into the shapes of all furniture befitting a royal palace; and above them all, directing their labours, sat one very dignified little man, with a crown upon his head of one immense pearl, and with a sceptre in his hand of massy coral, which the sea king had presented to him. Meanwhile, round all his throne a brooklet of pure silvery water was gently undulating, perhaps to preserve him from the sparks of the furnaces which fell on every side. So Sir Hilchen knew at once that this was the mine king, and holding forth the skein, he besought the monarch to aid him in his enterprise; but he previously interrupted the young man, and cried, 'Will these men never leave their folly? and our dear hag of a sister must be mad too! What must be done shall be done, for the respectable old gentleman has conferred favours upon us in her time. So ho! hey here! hey there! hand the gentleman one of our ladders; do ye hear, ye knaves! quick, quick!' and in this unintelligible way he continued to talk, till the knight saw a little door open of a sudden at the foot of the throne, and out of it, by fifty at a time, came, with very slow and stately steps, an army of little men, and all these had heads five times as large as their bodies, and very grave features, so that he might have taken them for an assemblage of senators, if it had not been for the length of their heads; and on their shoulders they carried every description of mining instruments, with which they dispersed themselves all over the place, hammering and digging most manfully, so that the noise of their working was like the continued rolling of distant thunder. But the little monarch could not sit still on his throne, but fidgetted backwards and forwards, and wriggled to the right and the left, and continued to shout, 'Come away, come away! can not you leave fooling? Hey here! hey there! this way, noble sir; this way, young gentleman; let me introduce you to my friends of the upper world!' Now through all this, Sir Hilchen thought he distinguished an invitation to pass into another apartment, but not knowing which way to turn, he looked steadfastly towards the throne. Then the little old man continued to gesticulate and make the strangest faces; and at length the knight saw with astonishment that he was standing on the borders of the old gentleman's beard, which he had taken to be a pure stream, as it rolled out along the floor, undulating gently; and he also perceived that what he had imagined to be the light glancing from the fires upon the stream, were only the studs of gold with which the venerable little man fastened his beard; though certainly as it undulated backwards and forwards they danced like the studs of light on a sunny lake; and the knight saw that he had discomposed some of the straggling hairs of the beard, and that this was the occasion of the old gentleman's angry motions: so he past at once into the chamber which he thought had been pointed out to him, for the noise and humming of the workmen still continued, and whenever he went near to look at them, the old gentleman fidgetted and wriggled, and shouted, 'Will men never leave fooling? This way, young gentleman; let me show you my puppets!'

But the scene which he had left was harmony itself to the one he now witnessed; for on every side little creatures, differently formed from those he had hitherto seen, were running up and down, and backwards and forwards, without any apparent object but that restless motion; and as they went they pushed one another down, and then they lay kicking and railing at one another, and those that past by kicked them and railed at them as they lay, and they were mixed together in an endless confusion. But among them the knight thought he perceived many other little creatures, strangely dressed in yellow and black and red, running up and down with trumpets in their hands, all

sounding different notes, and whenever one of these creatures appeared there was a general hubbub, for many of the rest crowded round it and after it, not caring whither it led them, and only anxious to follow in its track: then the tumult became ten fold more tumultuous than before, for the followers of the different leaders jostled one another with angry gestures and wry faces, and much noisy vociferation, and then they fell to kicking and fighting one another more than ever, and some lay down in the path of others, for the purpose, as it seemed, of being kicked and trampled on, for whenever one of these received a blow, or a slap, or a hard name, he bowed and smiled, and seemed mightily obliged for the favour, so that the place appeared a very Babel both of sight and sound; and the more Sir Hilchen looked, the more he thought he had seen those shapes before; and gradually the murmur and confused sound assumed a regular intonation, and he discovered at the far end of the hall several of the large headed little men, who on different musical instruments were playing a kind of tune, to which all the rest tumbled and rolled; and the instruments seemed strangely shaped, like instruments the knight had seen before; and if he had not known that it could not be so, he would have thought that all the tumbling creatures were men and women, and that the musicians were playing with marrowbones and cleavers, oddly shaped like bags of money, dice boxes, bottles and glasses, and some like crowns and sceptres. But while he looked the voice of the bearded old man was heard in the next chamber shouting, 'Hey here! hey there! will men never leave their fooling?' and then the little creatures tumbled more and more against each other, and the orchestra shouted more loudly and distinctly a strange song, which to Sir Hilchen sounded thus:

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
 Who can see, and who can know?
 Back and forward, in end out,
 Right leg, left leg, tail and snout,
 Who can care and who can know,
 Who can count them as they go?
 One goes tumbling over!
 Ha, ha, ha! how the dirt
 Spots him: yet he sneers at his neighbour;
 Thinks himself as sweet as a lover!
 Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
 He might spare his labour!
 Room, good people, room for a king!
 Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
 What a pretty thing!
 Oh, take care, lest it trip;
 In the mud should it slip!
 Ho, ho, ho! Who can know,
 Who can count them as they go?
 Over bush, over briar,
 Through flood, ice, and fire,
 Down the valley, by the stream,
 Swift as flashes in the spray
 Of the cavern spotted fountain,
 Fast as motes in a beam,
 Summer, winter, night, and day,
 On they rush, o'er plain and mountain!
 Hurrying, jostling, as they may,
 Light and heavy, dull and gay,
 Clad in poor or rich array,
 Leaves, or fur, or silk, or linen;
 Stones and Leasies and men and women,
 On they swing and on they sway!
 Such a crew ar'n't worth the counting!
 Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
 Who will care, or who can know,
 Who would count them as they go?
 Ha, ha, ha! Huzza! Huzza!
 How the darlings like their play!

So this elvish strain continued, the musicians playing louder and louder, and the little creatures tumbling faster and faster, till the knight felt his head spin round with the sight of these many multitudes, and the loud humming of the strange song; and then, in spite of himself, a darkness covered his eyes, and his ears were full of wonderfully mingled sounds, the voice of the old screeching man of the preceding

night, the little dry featured old woman, the shouts of the bearded monarch, and the song of the distorted elves. So unable any longer to support himself, he fell to the floor, and starting from his trance at the clink of his armour against the pavement, he saw that he was sitting at the foot of the Basaltic rock which rose above him like a forest of twisted oak trees suddenly congealed to stone; and he beheld his fleet steed pawing the ground impatiently at his side; and with wonder he raised his eyes and saw the sun peeping over the eastern mountains, and throwing his first rays on the opposite hill; but from this the crags had disappeared, and in their place a broad road of easily inclined steps lay before him; and on the topmost step stood the lady of his dreams beckoning to him; so at once he perceived that the elves had only been making game of him, and springing on his horse, he galloped him up the hill side, gently and easily; nor did he swerve to the right or the left, though at every step a little old man, like a black raven, stood in his path, and shouted to him that the stairs were unsound; nor did he doubt till he felt the stones shake beneath his feet; till at length he stood on the topmost step, and lightly placed the lady upon his saddle; then turning his steed, he made but four long leaps down the stair, amid the laughter and curses of the old man, who incessantly pelted him with gold and jewels, and loudly vociferated after him,

Here's a good tale for a knight to tell!
 A woman's deceit
 Has won thee thy bride;
 Oh, wonderful feat,
 For a champion so tried!
 But my curse go with her, above, below!
 For thee she hath builded a causeway well,
 She'll build thee another from here to hell,
 So will she do, and so hath she done,
 Since the days when her race begun,
 And my foolish old cousin Adam fell!

LE SOUPER DE BEAUCAIRE.

(Concluded from p. 566.)

SOLDIER.—I know very well that the people of Marseilles fall far short of the Vendéens in respect to counter-revolution. The people of La Vendée are robust, devout; those of Marseilles weak and in a sickly state, and requiring a little honey to enable them to gulp the pill; in order to establish the new doctrine amongst them a little deception is necessary, but after four years of revolution, after so many plots and conspiracies, and that all the wickedness of which human nature is capable has shown itself under so many different aspects, men have improved their natural perception; this is so true, that in spite of the coalition of the departments, in spite of the ability of the leaders, in spite of the numerous secret springs of the enemies of the revolution, the people have every where been found to be on the watch where it was thought that they were lulled into security.

You sport the tricoloured flag you say. Paoli also raised it in Corsica in order to gain time to deceive the people, to crush the real friends of liberty, to seduce his fellow-countrymen to join in his own ambitious and criminal projects; he hoisted the tricoloured ensign, he fired on the ships of the republic, he drove our troops from the fortresses, he disarmed all the detachments that he was able to take by surprise; he got together a multitude, in order to drive our garrison from the island; he pillaged the magazines, selling at a vile price whatever was found in them, in order to procure funds for sustaining his revolt; he ravaged and confiscated the property of the most wealthy families because they desired the integrity of the republic; he caused himself to be named Generalissimo, and he declared all those who should remain in our service enemies to their country:—he had already been the cause that the expedition to Sardinia had failed:—and notwithstanding all this he had the effrontery

to call himself the friend of France and of the republic; yet he deceived the Convention which had brought out the decree for his dismissal; he took his measures so well, in fact, that when a short time afterwards he was betrayed by his own letters found at Calvi, it was too late, and the fleet of the enemy had intercepted all communication.

It is no longer to words that we must look, we must examine the actions of men; and you cannot deny that, judging you by your's, it would be easy to prove you counter-revolutionists.

What effect has the step that you have taken produced on the Republic? You have nearly caused its ruin; you have retarded the operations of our armies; I am not sure that you are paid by the Spaniard and the Austrian; but this I know, that they could not have desired a more favourable diversion: what would you have done more had you been in their pay? Your success forms the object of the anxious wishes of known aristocrats; at the head of your sections and your armies you have placed avowed aristocrats, a Latourrette, cidevant colonel; a Somise, a cidevant lieutenant-colonel of engineers, who abandoned their corps in time of war to avoid fighting for the liberty of the people. Your battalions abound in people of this kind, and your cause would not be theirs were it that of the republic.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—But are Brissot, Barbaroux, Condorcet, Buzot, Vergniau, Gaudet, &c. also aristocrats? Who founded the Republic? Who overthrew tyranny? Who, in fine, preserved the country at the perilous conjuncture of the last campaign?

SOLDIER.—I do not inquire if these men who had deserved well of the people on so many occasions, had absolutely conspired against them: it is enough for me to know that the Mountain, either on public grounds or from motives of party, having gone to the greatest lengths against the Brissotins; having proscribed, imprisoned, calumniated them if you will, the latter were lost for ever but for a civil war which should put them in a situation to give the law to their enemies. It is in reality for them, therefore, that the war you carry on is useful; had they deserved the reputation they once enjoyed, they would have thrown away their arms in the presence of the constitution; they would have sacrificed their interest to the public good; but it is easier to quote the example of Cæsar than to imitate him; they have become guilty of the greatest of crimes; by their conduct have they justified their proscription; the blood which they have been the cause of shedding has effaced the real good they had done.

THE MANUFACTURER OF MONTPELLIER.—You have treated the question in the point of view most favourable to these men, for it seems proved that the Brissotins were really guilty; but guilty or not guilty, the age of fighting in the cause of individuals is gone by. England has shed torrents of blood for the houses of York and Lancaster; France for the Lorrains and the Bourbons; are we still in times of barbarity?

THE NIMOIS.—Truly it was in this view that we abandoned the Marseillais as soon as we perceived that their aim was counter-revolution and that they were fighting private quarrels. The mask fell when they refused to proclaim the constitution; we had forgiven the Mountain some irregularities; we had forgotten Rabaut and his lamentations, giving all our care to the newly-born republic, surrounded by the most monstrous of coalitions which threatened to stifle it in its cradle, and thinking only of the joy of the aristocrats and of conquering Europe.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—You abandoned us like cowards, after having encouraged us by your short-lived deputations.

THE NIMOIS.—We were sincere, but you had the fox under your cloak; we desired a republic and we could not but accept a republican constitution. You were dissatisfied with the Mountain

and with the transactions of the 31st of May, for that reason, in order to get rid of it, and to put an end to its mission you should have accepted the constitution.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—We also are for a republic; but we desire that our constitution may be settled by representations free in their operations; we wish for liberty, but desire to have it bestowed on us by representatives in whom we have confidence; we would not have our constitution protect pillage and anarchy. Our first condition; is no clubs, none of these primary assemblies now so frequent, respect for property.

THE MANUFACTURER OF MONTPELLIER.—It is obvious to all who reflect that a part of Marseilles is for a counter-revolution; they profess to be for the constitution, but this is a cover which becomes every day more transparent; they would bring you by degrees to be able to look on the counter-revolution in its nakedness. Already the veil which covered it was but of gauze. The mass of your people are sound, but in time they would have been perverted but for the genius of the revolution which watches over them.

The army have deserved well of the country for bearing arms against you with so much energy; they ought not to have imitated the army of 1789, for you are not the nation. The Convention is the centre of the system; it is true sovereign, especially when the people happen to be divided.

You have transgressed all law and all decency. By what right did you annul your department?—Was it Marseilles that formed it? By what right did your battalion overrun the districts? By what right did your national guard presume to enter Avignon? The district of that town was the first constituted body since the department was dissolved? By what right did you dare to violate the territory of the Drone? and why do you think that this department has not the right to require the employment of the public force in its defence? You have confounded all rights, you have established a popular tribunal, appointed by Marseilles alone; it is contrary to every law, it can be nothing but a tribunal of blood, since it is the tribunal of a faction; you have before made the whole department submit to this tribunal. By what right? You usurp that very authority with the exercise of which you reproach, and that so unjustly, Paris. Your committee of sections has recognised the affiliations. Here then is a coalition similar to that of the clubs against which you raise such an outcry; your committee has exercised administrative acts over the communes of the Var, and in this the divisions of territory have been disregarded.

In Avignon you committed to prison without order, without warrant, without the information of the administrative body; you have violated private abodes, infringed the liberty of individuals; you have assassinated in cold blood, in the public highways; you have renewed scenes which tarnished the commencement of the revolution, the horror of which you have exaggerated, without formal information, without trial, without even knowing your victims other than by the denouncement of their enemies; you have arrested them, torn them from their children, dragged them through your streets, and massacred them with wounds of the sabre; thirty victims so sacrificed might be named. You have dragged the statue of liberty through the mud; you have publicly executed her; she has been the object of every sort of outrage from your unbridled youth; you hewed her with your sabres; you cannot deny it; it was at noon, and upwards of two hundred of you were present at the criminal profanation; the procession traversed several streets, arrived at the Place de l'Horloge! and passed the Rue de l'Epicierie. But I suppress my reflections and my indignation. Are these your proofs of desiring the republic? You have caused our armies to delay their march by stopping their convoys. Who but must yield to the evidence of so many

facts? and how can we withhold from you the title of enemies to your country?

SOLDIER.—It is clear, beyond a doubt, that the Marseillais have clogged the operations of our armies, and desired to destroy liberty; but that is not the question at present; the question is, to know what hope remains for them now, and what step they are to take.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—We have less resources than I thought; but men are strong when they have made up their minds to die; and this we are resolved to do rather than submit again to the yoke of the men who now govern the state. You know that a drowning man catches at every twig; therefore, rather than allow ourselves to be massacred

— Yes, we have all taken part in this new revolution; we should be one and all made the victims of vengeance. Two months ago there was a conspiracy to cut the throats of four thousand of our best citizens; judge, then, to what excesses the same men would be carried at this day. Shall we never forget that monster who was nevertheless a chief among the club; who, after deceiving a citizen, pillaged his house and violated his wife, after having forced her to drink of the blood of her husband.

SOLDIER.—Horrid! but is this a fact? I have my doubts, for you know men do not believe in violation at this time of day.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—Yes, rather than submit to such men as these, we will have recourse to every extremity; we will give ourselves up to our enemies; we will call in the Spaniards;—there is not a people on earth whose character is less congenial with ours than the Spanish. Judge, then, by the sacrifice we make of the wickedness of the men we dread.

SOLDIER.—Deliver yourselves to the Spaniards! We shall not allow you time.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—Signals announce them daily in our office.

THE NIMOIS.—To convince me whether the Federalists or the Mountain wish most sincerely for the republic, this threat is enough for me; the Mountain was for a moment the weakest party; the commotion appeared general. Yet did those who composed it ever talk of calling in the enemy? Know you not that the contest between the patriots and the despots of Europe is a mortal combat? If, then, you look for aid from them, it is a proof that your leaders have good reasons for expecting to be well received by them. But I have as yet too good an opinion of your people to believe that the party who would adopt so base a project is the strongest at Marseilles.

SOLDIER.—Do you think that you would, by so doing, vastly injure the republic, and that your threat is greatly alarming? How shall we avoid it?

The Spaniards have no troops for embarkation; their ships cannot enter your port. Should you call the Spaniards, such an act might be of service to your instigators in enabling them to escape with a part of their fortune; but the indignation would be general throughout the republic; before eight days were over you would have 60,000 men on you; the Spaniards would carry away from Marseilles all that they could, and there would yet remain wherewithal to enrich the conquerors. Had the spaniards thirty or forty thousand men ready for embarkation on board their fleet, your menace might frighten us; but as things are, it is purely ridiculous; the step would only hasten the ruin of those who took it.

MANUFACTURER OF MONTPELLIER.—Should you be guilty of so vile an act, not one stone should be left on another in your proud city; within a month from this time the traveller passing over your ruins should have to think you had been destroyed a hundred years ago.

SOLDIER.—Take my advice, Marseillais; throw off the yoke of the paltry number of unprincipled men who would lead you on to a counter revolution;

re-establish your constituted authorities; accept the constitution; set your representatives at liberty; let them go to Paris to intercede for you; you have been led astray: it is no new thing that the body of a people should be so by an insignificant number of conspirators and intriguers; the simplicity and ignorance of the multitude have ever been the cause of most civil wars.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—And who, sir, shall so set things to rights? Will it be the refugees who arrive from every corner of the department? They are interested in acting as desperate men. Shall it be those who govern us? Are not they similarly situated? Shall it be the people? One part is not aware of its situation; they are blinded and fanatic; the other is unarmed, suspected, degraded. I perceive then, with affliction profound, nothing but evils without a remedy.

SOLDIER.—Now you are reasonable. Why should not such a change be effected with regard to a great number of your citizens who are deceived but sincere? In that case, Albitte, who cannot but desire to spare the effusion of French blood, will send you some able and honourable man; an agreement will soon be come to, and the army, without losing a moment, will march to Perpignan to make the Spaniards, glorying in a few paltry successes, dance without a piper.

And Marseilles will continue to be the centre of gravity of liberty; it will be only necessary to obliterate a few pages from her history.

This prognostic of a happy result put us all in good humour; the Marseillais willingly treated us with bottle after bottle of champagne, which entirely dissipated our anxieties and fears. We retired to rest at two o'clock in the morning, agreeing to meet at breakfast, where the Marseillais had still many doubts to propose, and I many interesting truths to teach him.

TO MISS CAROLINE ———. (PRIVATE.)

MY DEAR CAROLINE.—I never will be the agent of two young ladies in carrying on a practical joke again. When you and Maria pressed me so earnestly to write an attack upon the economists, did you state any other motive for my compliance, except the delight you should experience in reading it aloud to old Mr. Johnson? When I hesitated; not liking the trouble, and doubting whether the editor of that respectable work, 'The Athenæum,' could be persuaded to insert any contribution of mine, did you not exclaim, 'Oh, I would not lose the expression of his face when he first discovers that the article is by an opposer of the system for the world!' And did not Maria, in order to assist my conceptions of what you would lose if I refused, give a real habitation in her own countenance to that strange mixture of horror, confusion, incredulity, rage, contempt? And did not you walk about the room, in Mr. Johnson's best manner, stamping on the floor, setting your teeth, and exclaiming, when collecting passions allowed your articulation to be distinct, 'This is intolerable.'—'Does he say that?'—'He must know better.'—'That's sheer dishonesty.'—'Oh, indeed!'—'Young Science, is it?'—'Aye, abuse and misrepresentation are always the logic of power.'—'Nobody but a parson could tell such lies.'—'As if any body minded him.'—'The aristocracy shall pay for this some day.' And was not my benevolent heart entirely overcome by these representations? Was it not simply a conscientious feeling, that I ought not to deny two affectionate nieces the gratification of seeing their uncle in a passion which induced me to write? Was one word whispered about an answer? Did you give me a hint that you should stir him up to attack me? It is too bad, really. To think of two old grey-bearded men being committed into a paper controversy by two idle girls! However, as it has gone so far I suppose I must let you have your way; so I enclose my rejoinder, which I insist upon your

not reading to Mr. Johnson till his evening nap is comfortably concluded. If you wish it to be inserted in 'The Athenæum,' you must send it, like the two former, as I have no acquaintance with the Editor of any periodical except Mr. Wooller; and I forget whether he is the present editor of the 'Westminster Review.'

Your's affectionately, EPHRAIM MULLENS.

P.S. I hope you explained the circumstance to Mrs. B——. Nothing could give me greater pain than to suppose I have caused any to one of whom I have been so long the devoted admirer. I observe, on looking back to her book, that I made a great mistake in saying that her first chapter was an attack upon Goldsmith. I was very careless not to refer to the book; but there was a confusion in my mind between 'Telemachus' and the 'Deserted Village,' the former of which is abused in the first page, and the latter not till the middle of the book. The whole force of the argument for the attachment of political economists to the doctrine about waste lands, which was derived from her book, falls to the ground.

ANSWER TO A CRITIQUE OF AN ESSAY UPON OIKOLOGY.

My critic is an admirer of theories; he cannot be angry with me, therefore, if, instead of looking for the law or principle of his criticism, and endeavouring to consider the truth of that, or how far it affects the opinions advanced in my essay, I make a general observation; in other words, a *theory* of his article. This theory leads me to the conclusion that it contains eight paragraphs of nearly equal length, and that each of those paragraphs is meant to confute some position of mine. I shall answer it in eight corresponding paragraphs, each of which, according to my 'theory,' ought to be perfectly unconnected in subject and form with the rest.

I. Paragraph one, asserts that the ignorance of political Oikologists, respecting the relative position of their science in the scale of universal science, is common to them with the professors of other sciences. This assertion is meant to answer some one of mine; which, I cannot guess. When a study has once found a resting place, it signifies nothing what its professors think of it; there it is; the most outrageous exaggeration of its importance cannot enlarge its dimensions by one inch; the most foolish ignorance of it cannot diminish them. When once the Delos of Oikology is fixed, each of its inhabitants may, if he please, imagine that 'he holds the sun and moon in fee,' and the sun and moon and earth will be none the worse for his fancy; it is only while it is floating under no guidance that it is inconvenient to the other Cyclades. The answer simply begs the question. I ask, is political Oikology a science? I am told, the professors of all sciences overrate the value of their own. Very likely; what then? There is also something about interest, which is equally relevant.

II. Paragraph second informs me that political economy, from the force of its name, is expected to give the *law of the house*, and that FROM HENCE I inferred that it pretends to teach the *management of a state*. If my critic believed me capable of making such an assertion, he ought to have known, that so far from deserving to be answered through the columns of your paper, I deserved to be shut up in a madhouse. I said precisely the reverse of that which is imputed to me. I said, if it were a science giving the law of the house, it COULD NOT be for the management of any thing, and instanced the absurdity of describing arithmetic as a law for the *management of numbers*. And because political Oikologists do profess that their study is that which teaches the management of a state, I said it had no pretension to the name of Oikonomy. My critic fancies that the objection turns upon the arrogance implied in the use of the word *state*. No such thing. I leave Oikologists to fight about how much Oikology can do; I want to know what it is. Some persons have asserted that the new child, the largest child ever seen, can cry louder than any; they may have been wrong; but the curiosity

which they have excited in my mind will not be allayed by my critic telling me that 'its only a very little one.' If it exists, why tease us with long stories about what it eats, and how it scratches all who come near it; why not show the monster and we shall be satisfied.

III. Paragraph third. Oh, here it comes!

'Who that is familiar with the study in question can choose but recognise its grand and leading principles to be distinct from every thing special and local; to be as general as the laws of human industry; as permanent as those of physical nature?' Who that understands the great discoveries which have raised it to the rank of a science, can help perceiving that their authors have announced them in terms as universal as the truths of mathematics?

No one, certainly, who is acquainted with these discoveries, can have the least doubt on the subject. The discoveries which raise a study to the rank of a science *must* be announced in that universal manner, and it was for those that I was making inquiry. I wanted to know in what corner of this great study those truths hide themselves which are of application not merely to modern Liverpool and Hamburgh and Boston, but to ancient Corinth and Carthage and Tyre. I begged for their names, and my critic answers, 'Who is ignorant of them?' I feel somewhat less humility, in acknowledging myself of the despicable class, from a comfortable conviction that, with the exception of my critic, there is not one political Oikologist who does not belong to it likewise. If there be any truth connected with the study, which a more extensive collation of particulars might still leave in the unshaken constancy of a few, I should be inclined to think it is Mr. Ricardo's 'Doctrine of Rent'; and it is a very admirable illustration of the spirit which pervades the sect of Oikologists, that the most active members of it are labouring with all their might to invalidate this doctrine, because it does not so successfully demonstrate the evil of the corn-laws as Adam Smith's!! And a few weeks ago the 'Westminster Review' remarked that Mr. Whewell (how that truly scientific man must have smiled at the savage ignorance implied in the compliment!) had placed the latter doctrine on the immovable ground of demonstration, because he had supplied a mathematical exposition of it! So much for this science and its universal principles! 'But then,' says our critic, 'it is rather too hard that a study which is capable of popular illustration should not be given to them who cannot receive it in an abstract form.' Hard? to be sure it is hard! Have not men been complaining all their lives of this hardness; that they cannot take in Euclid at half an hour's reading; that Bacon is not nearly so pleasant as the 'Disowned'; that there is absolute necessity for a certain portion of thought even to comprehend Locke, who was so anxious to save it? It is horribly hard, like all those other arrangements of providence which disqualify men from understanding, who have not understanding; from willing, who have not will; it is the same cruel, inexorable law which drives men into ditches when they are drunk, and which prevents them from getting out of them when they are sober, if they have broken both their legs. But the hardness does not exist in this case. Political Oikology, so boasts its advocates, can be made clear to the meanest capacity! I believe it, and therefore deny it to be a science.

IV. Paragraph fourth: enters into a question which has no concern with my essay. I never said that if political economy expounded the sources of a nation's wealth and prosperity, it was not important. I never entertained so foolish and mad an opinion, nor do I believe that there is any other man in England, and not in St. Luke's, who entertains it. My correspondent, therefore, may be allowed to have transcribed his own shadow most successfully—the question whether the laws which determine a nation's physical circumstances do exist apart from those which determine its moral circumstances, is another and a much more difficult

one: my critic has thrown no light upon it; nor did I. What I asserted was, that these laws, whether they exist or not, have not been discovered.

V. Paragraph fifth disputes my assertion that political economy had made more pretensions* than it could support, on two grounds. The reason first assigned is, that 'no juggle or mystery can impose upon the *present* age the despotism of any single study or system.' Oh no, certainly not, I forgot we were in the nineteenth century! If I had remembered it, a moment's reflection must have told me that in an age which has almost entirely dispensed with logic, which requires less learning in the members of its learned professions than was necessary at any former period, and which by its own boast has the greatest number of them who possess only a smattering of knowledge on any subject, the boundaries of all studies would be most exactly ascertained. Where there are a few judges and all competent, imposition was clearly unavoidable; now that they are multiplied beyond all calculation, and in proportion to the increase in number have diminished in competency, it must be impossible. Nor should it interfere with this opinion, that one does occasionally observe in the 'Times' newspaper advertisements of physical paucities which seem to have acquired in 'the present age' a little more acceptance than they are quite entitled to; for it does not at all follow that a century so entirely occupied about its intellectual and spiritual wants, so totally unconcerned about its natural ones as this is, because it displays some ignorance about what will minister to the latter, should not, therefore, most thoroughly comprehend all that is requisite for the supply of the former.

VI. Paragraph sixth. The second reason against my opinion is, that political economy is really a very old science, and has passed, ages ago, through three stages of existence in which I imagine it is still to be found. The proof of this assertion is singular. No attempt is made to shew that political oikology has not those *criteria* of infancy which I pointed out in the analogous history of astrology, but we are merely told that it has lasted a long time. Why, good heavens! what a mode of determining of a study is this! Merely to count the years since it broke its shell! Only try it in the other case of that to which my critic has so much aversion, and which I am very well pleased to keep him in mind of.—Political Oikology is a science, because it has existed since the introduction of commerce into modern Europe; call that for the sake of round numbers, eight centuries ago. But much more than twice that number of centuries had elapsed since astrology was flourishing in Chaldean, and we were still Ptolemaists! Besides, the stars were existing before that; and I submit that the introduction of commerce into the world is rather a parallel to their introduction than to the introduction of the study which treats of them.

My critic pursuing his chronological argument inquires who lived first, Sir Isaac Newton or Sir Dudley North? To the best of my belief, the latter, as did also Burleigh, Luther, Queen Mary, Lady Jane Grey, and some other persons of less note. Is there any inference grounded upon the question? Whether Sir Dudley North or any other person has yet made Oikology a science, *de hoc agitur*, and I do not see that if we settle Sir Dudley's birth with ever so much exactness, it will much assist us. My critic adds further (besides something respecting peace on earth and good will to men) that 'the improved method in all the other sciences has served as a model to the beautiful unpretending simplicity which has characterised the

* I said that other studies had assumed a 'direct dominion over the whole material universe.' The emphasis here did not lie, as it pleases my critic to suppose, upon 'whole,' a word which if I had written at greater leisure, would have been omitted, but on 'direct.' This mistake is similar to the other about the state. I am not attacking political Oikology for presuming to do too much, but for presuming to do anything.

science of political economy, as it has come to us through the hands of Adam Smith and his successors.' It will be time for Oikologists to think of modelling their science when they are sure that they have one; what kind of 'method' they have pursued in their writings any reader of Adam Smith will form a separate opinion for himself. I only hope, for their own sakes, that those who admire his method will not aspire to imitate it in the affairs of common life.

VII. Paragraph seventh says that the essayist introduced a question respecting the effect of Oikology upon the minds of its professors which the critic declines to debate.

VIII. Paragraph eighth is a passage from Bacon, which, in my critic's opinion, strikes especially at my evil tendencies. I will explain its appropriateness. The subject text of my essay was the question whether it is useful to inclose farms or to allow every poor man in a parish a little spot of ground for his use and occupation. The subject of it were the disputes between theorists and practical men. I assigned as my reason for thinking the latter the more useful class of the two, that they were well versed in particulars while the former are solely employed in generalising. I said that the man who had a thorough knowledge of some one fact in all its relations was likely to be more useful than he who had merely carelessly inspected a thousand for the sake of clubbing them into a theory. And I said lastly, that the greatest man of all, he who in calm meditation had sought for the laws of studies, was great on this account among others, that he devoted himself more laboriously than others to the study of facts*. To expose my ignorance and stupidity in these assertions, your correspondent brings the following passage from Bacon. 'Thus is found in the mind of the man, an affection naturally bred and furthered and fortified by discourse and doctrine which does present the true proceeding towards active and operative knowledge. This is a false estimation that it should be as a diminution to the mind of man to be conversant in experiences and particulars, subject to sense and bound in matter, and which are laborious to search, ignoble to meditate, harsh to deliver, illiberal to practise, infinite as is supposed in number, and no ways accommodate to the glory of arts.' A passage which I trust my critic will induce his friends to chalk upon their door posts, and write upon their phylacterics—it is a sentence of damnation upon modern Oikology.

[Every person who produces fresh evidence of a fact which is sufficiently established without it, deserves to have that evidence proved worthless. Such a punishment has befallen me. I wished to shew that the political economists are almost universally advocates for the inclosure system, and for that purpose alluded to a chapter which a treacherous memory told me existed in Mrs. Marcet's book. This was very foolish, for no one doubts the fact, and the passage had no existence. How my mistake originated I have explained in my letter to Miss Caroline. That I could have intentionally misquoted from a book which is in almost every one's hand, those will believe, whose charity gives me credit for combining the most unparalleled idiocy with the most atrocious knavery.]

THE DIVAN.

An Apartment filled with a beautifully blue smoke: at intervals only, as at Navarino, something else becomes visible proving to be

BARTHOLOMEW BLEWIT, Esq. SANCHE, and Major SACKVILLE.

SACKVILLE.—Now, sir, if you wish to comprehend a good cigar, take one of these; they are the

* Of recent instances Burke is the most extraordinary. He sought diligently in his own mind for universal truth, laboured indefatigably in the study of particular facts and bitterly scorned generalizations as guides in practice. These characteristics meet in the mind of every real statesman.

real Manillas, and would have been a pleasure fit for Paradise.

SANCHE.—I am in a mood for criticism, and will try them; (takes the oriental) puff—poo, puff. Major, being on the subject of smoke; have you seen Campbell's poem in the 'New Monthly'?

SACKVILLE.—I lighted my cheroot with it a week ago; the poem wanted fire sadly.

BLEWIT.—Campbell has written worse things though, Major.

SACKVILLE.—True, Bartie, most true: Campbell wrote a something on the battle of Navarino much worse, worse than any thing I have seen of late years, not having yet attacked Reade or Robert Montgomery. Poor Tom!

BLEWIT.—*Surge Carnifex*—I'll not permit the author of 'Hohen Linden' and the 'Battle of the Baltic' to be used thus vilely. Campbell is as genuine a poet as ever walked the earth, and as such every Englishman has an interest in the permanence and extension of his fame.

SANCHE.—They say that Campbell is engaged about some work of magnitude—some crowning labour: a monumentum are perennius; is it true, doctor?

BLEWIT.—No, Sancho, it is false: Campbell is engaged about nothing; he is the greatest idler between pole and pole, and the more's the pity, for the man is capable of something good, that I maintain in opposition to both the Major and the 'New Monthly' review; but hand us one of your Manillas, Major; they have a goodly aspect. How are matters going on in India?

SACKVILLE.—Badly.

BLEWIT.—The troops seem to have grown restive?

SACKVILLE.—Why, doctor, you must know that the Honourable Company have been thinking of the day in which they are to give an account of their stewardship to the Parliament and people of England, and fearing that they may be sore let and hindered on that occasion, they have commenced a most rigorous and Hume-like system of retrenchment in all departments, civil and military.

SANCHE.—And they have been shearing a little too close, I suppose?

SACKVILLE.—Well guessed, my *Œdipus*; and, gentlemen, let me tell you that a mutiny is rather an awkward sight in India—*crede experis*.

BLEWIT.—I understand that orders have now gone out from Leadenhall Street to restore the military to their former footing with respect to pay and allowances.

SANCHE.—Will the charter be renewed, Major?

SACKVILLE.—Most like it will, Sancho most like; Buckingham has done something to prevent it, but less than you would suppose. India, doctor, is a thorny bit of business—a matter neither easy nor pleasant to handle; and, take my word for it, if at the end of 1833 any other subject, foreign or domestic, can be found to attract the public attention, the charter will be renewed for ten years longer.

SANCHE.—But not in its present form, I hope; I do not drink tea myself, but I have been told of many respectable people who do, and I do not see why they should not purchase such a poor pleasure as cheaply as possible.

SACKVILLE.—Sancho, it will go hard with the tea monopoly depend upon it. I have some thoughts of turning agitator myself on that subject; I am only waiting for the Grand Turk, the Prince de Polignac, and Admiral Codrington to leave the stage first.

SANCHE.—In mercy, Major, do not talk of their leaving the stage; how, I should like to know, are we to exist through this season in London without them.

BLEWIT.—Don't be Quixotic, Sancho. You've been reading some of Colburn's fashionable novels; a man of sense can always find amusement enough in London.

SANCHE.—In the month of September?

BLEWIT.—Yes, sir, in the month of September. Has one not at command all the new publications—a few frauds—the summer theatres—Vauxhall—Monsieur Chabert—the —

SANCHE.—Softly, Doctor; there are no new publications in September; one's friends are all shooting, or sailing, or touring; none of them in London. This year even the English Opera has failed to please; and as for Vauxhall, I suppose it has been under water since the month of June. Mr. Chabert, the fire-eater, is sorry amusement; I had rather see the poor man enjoy a cigar.

SACKVILLE.—Alas! it's too true; I begin to think with the 'Morning Post,' that every thing in this country is on the wane—in *pejus ruere ac retro sublapsa referri*.

BLEWIT.—What do you mean, Major Sackville; what are the subjects of your grievance?

SACKVILLE.—First of all, the summer.

BLEWIT.—Well, at all events, if it has been bad, it has been very short; proceed.

SACKVILLE.—My favourite Theatre, Covent Garden, see what it has come to.

BLEWIT.—Why, man, it is on the high road to prosperity: it will come forth like a giant refreshed; it will rise like a Phoenix from ruin; it will, in short, open under new and happier auspices. £2600 have been already subscribed, and before the week is out, I am ready to stake my credit, but the whole sum of £7000 will be nearly provided. What next?

SACKVILLE.—Mr. Bulwer's new novel.

SANCHE.—Confessedly the best book he has written; and by the way, Doctor, people think your friends of 'The Athenæum' were a little too critical with 'Devereux.' I was in the country when the notice appeared, and I assure you some very respectable persons observed to me that the critic had treated Mr. Bulwer too unmercifully.

BLEWIT.—Nonsense; they would scorn, sir, to be angry with an insect, to shorten the summer of the butterfly or golden chafer; but Bulwer stood in no need of eleemosynary kindness, and he is all the better for the castigation they applied; I am told he always mentions them now with the greatest reverence and respect; he always speaks well of 'The Athenæum.' No, Major; no more smoking to-night; it is time to part.—(Exeunt.)

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket Theatre.

If there be two men in the world more worthy objects of envy than their fellows, surely they are the 'Author of Waverley' and Mr. J. Reeve! Who has ever read a few pages of the works of Sir Walter without picturing to himself the satisfaction—the warm, the hearty delight—the author must have felt, while composing them. And so with Mr. J. Reeve; does not his very soul wallow in enjoyment while he enacts such a part as William Thompson the Second, fishmonger and cockney suitor of Dr. Soothem's charming daughter; who finds himself forestalled in his place in the Richmond coach, and in the heart of his proposed mistress by another William Thompson,—who has lost his portmanteau, his cod's head and shoulders,—his hamper of champagne, the flap of his coat, his credit, and forty pounds sterling, by the mere misfortune of his appellation,—who is treated as a madman, is clapped into a straight waistcoat, is obliged to fight a duel, endures the horrors of an imaginary death,—all for asserting his right to his own name. But all these real pains to Mr. W. Thompson are substantial sport to his representative. He tosses them about as a cat does her prey, and with such an air of seriousness withal, that, but for the inward satisfaction in the consciousness of the excellence of his acting, which shines through the perfection of his performance, you might fancy him the true, embarrassed, flustered, blustering, good-natured, sleek, and simple William Thompson. Those who desire to close the day or the week with a laugh, must go to the little theatre to see this 'William

Thompson; or, Which is He? The piece itself is extremely lively; in many parts ingenious, although the outline of the plot makes no great pretensions to originality.

English Opera House.

OF the new piece at the English Opera, brought out as an attraction during the suspension of the 'Vampire,' in consequence of Mr. H. Phillips's absence on the circuit, there seems to be but one opinion, namely, that it is, notwithstanding the performances of Miss Kelly and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, a very dull production. Mr. O. Smith, in point of height, would have made a very good member of the Corps of Cent Suisses, but he was too tall for one of the Garde Imperiale, the standard of which we have ascertained, on much patient examination, to be as follows: one third from the ground to the cartouch box; thence to the nape of the neck one third; and from the neck to the top of the grenadier's cap the remaining third. We do not mean to say that Mr. Keeley was more exact to measure than Mr. O. Smith; perhaps in him the proportion of cap was as much above the mark as in his comrade it was below it. The daily papers have given full accounts of the trite and menagre plot, the only new part of which is an incident borrowed from the 'Chronicles of the Canongate.' Mr. Phillips's return to town has, it seems, been the signal for giving the 'Recruit' his discharge. We will hold no posthumous court-martial on him to save the honour either of author or performers.

FINE ARTS.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS.

(From Correspondents.)

LIVERPOOL.

THE exhibition of the works of living artists, under the management of the Academy attached to the Royal Institution of Liverpool, opened on Monday, the 17th of August.

The exhibition consists of nearly three hundred and fifty specimens of art, in oil and water colours, miniatures, a few busts, and casts. Of these, about seventy are the production of the members of the Liverpool academy and of artists resident in the town and neighbourhood. They are entitled to compete for the prizes proposed to be given by the corporation of Liverpool, who have voted one hundred guineas for that purpose, as an encouragement to the arts. These prizes are to be adjudged at the end of the exhibition.

Of the productions of the Liverpool artists little can be said; an historical picture, and some natural portraits by Mosses; two clever landscapes by Charles Barber, the secretary; two landscapes by Mr. Daniel Williamson; nine others by Mr. Parrington; some beautiful water-colour drawings by Mr. Austin and Mr. Samuel Williamson, are all that are worthy of notice from the members of the Academy. We have, however, several fine landscapes and scenes in Italy, by N. G. Phillips, and a few other clever attempts by junior artists.

The provincial artists have contributed nearly fifty pictures, among which the pleasing landscapes of Mr. J. P. Barber, of Birmingham, and others from the pencils of Stacke and Crome, of Norwich, are the most prominent: they are much admired.

OF the works of the London artists, this exhibition boasts of the spirited portrait of Dr. Southey and that of Mrs. Locke, both by Sir Thomas Lawrence; these give a great importance to the display, and have excited much interest. Lonsdale has sent his splendid likeness of Mr. Brougham, that of General Gascoigne, member for Liverpool, and some other good portraits. Mr. Simpson's colossal picture of Mr. Alderman Farebrother is very conspicuous. Howard's 'Greek Girl' and Clint's 'Paul Pry' occupy favourite situations in the gallery, as does the very clever picture of the 'Chevalier Bayard, with the

Widow of Brescia and her Daughters,' by J. W. Wright; Mr. Holeins has sent his 'Greek Lady,' which is much admired. Lee, Hamilton, and Glover, have contributed some admirable landscapes; there are also four pictures by Mr. Graham, of Edinburgh, painted in a fine Italian taste, both of subject and execution.

Copley Fielding has enriched the exhibition with several works from his master hand. Wichelo, Evans, Gastineau, Wild, and Barret, have each some able drawings on the walls.

This exhibition is much superior to any of those of former years at Liverpool, and great hopes are entertained that many of the pictures will be sold.

MANCHESTER.

THE Exhibition consists of about three hundred specimens of painting in oil, in which near one hundred are from the pencils of artists residing in the town and neighbourhood of Manchester. Amongst them are some clever landscapes by the elder Calvert; some spirited coast scenes by Rolsten and Parry; portraits by Green, Perigal, and others; some of them of a mediocre, and others of a higher character. The contributions from London artists number about one hundred and thirty; at the head of which may be placed the lovely portrait of Mrs. Peel, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, sent there, no doubt, by the favour of the Right Honourable Secretary. There are, besides, very fine portraits of Baron Wood, Sir Humphrey Davy, Nollekins, and others, by Lonsdale; the beautiful and much-admired subject of the 'Gleaners,' and three other pictures by J. Simpson; 'Johnny Gilpin,' by Witherington; 'Norman Peasants,' by Inskip; 'Two Greek Boys,' by Evans; and several others, pleasing both in subject and composition.

The landscape department is rich in the works of Calcott, whose fine view of Rochester is exhibited for a second season; Hoffman's 'Destruction of Jerusalem,' and other productions of his pencil; well delineated scenes of Nature by Lee; some classical compositions by Linton; two fine views of the 'Boulevards of Paris,' by Stanley; of 'Antwerp Cathedral,' by Roberts; the 'Bandit's Home,' by S. V. Barber, and several others, in his favourite style. Crome and Stacke, of Norwich, are both contributors, as is Pethu, in an unusually fine effect of fire and moonlight.

The exhibition, which, in the title-page of the catalogue, is said to be that of 'pictures by modern masters,' is embellished with Sir Joshua Reynolds's capital portrait of 'Omair'; this, with others by Wilson and Barrett, are furnished by the liberality of some friends to the institution, especially of Sir George Phillips, who has also sent a fine portrait of himself, by Jackson, R. A.; and of the Hon. Mrs. Phillips, by S. Phillips, R. A. There is a very sensible preface to the catalogue, in which the committee assign their reasons for admitting the works of artists now no more, and notice the present of several fine casts and busts, which has been made to the institution by their townsman, Jonathan Hatfield, Esq., and which are now first arranged for public inspection. They also exhibit a very accurate set of models of the principal remains of Ancient Rome.

Owing to the heavy pressure at this time felt by the trading world, of which Manchester bears a large share, it cannot be expected that the number of purchases sold will equal that of former years. If the Manchester exhibition does not command success, it is pleasing to find that it deserves it.

The temporary arrangement of the rooms, which are not yet finished, as well as the general management of the exhibition, does honour to those by whose activity it has been effected. The hanging of the pictures is exceedingly judicious and free from those objections which often and justly arise when that business is done by artists.

Sir Edward Codrington, engraved on stone, from a drawing by Muller. Haas. 1829.

WITH a turban and beard what a glorious Turk Sir Edward would make! except, perhaps, that there is too much intellectual expression for the sleepy Ottoman. What a head too for a sculptor of busts! The portrait by Mr. Muller, although an unpretending production, has more character and mind than is generally to be found in performances of this class.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ROME, AUGUST, 1829.

AND now for the *belle arti*. Our countrymen here are going on as usual well,—Eastlake and Severn are busily employed in their respective departments; and for the number of portraits painted by Atkins within the last six months, I am afraid to mention them. Poor Wyatt, after eleven week's confinement from his accident, is recovering, and has just left his room. The admirers of his talent, and these are all who know him, will rejoice to see him once again in his studio. Gibson is engaged in executing a Flora in marble for Lord Durham; the model is exquisite.

As for antiquities, we think more of what is going on abroad than what passes around us. Every thing now yields to hieroglyphics, and we are anxious for something direct from Champollion, from whom we have not heard since he has been in Egypt. The Newspaper letters are all a fudge, and no more than any body could write without going there; but he has done a great deal, and made out lists of birds, beasts, plants, &c. with success. Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix have arrived at Naples, from Egypt, and brought with them the works of Wilkinson and Burton, printed at Cairo, Quahira, as they call it. Champollion has gained much obloquy and little profit by the trick he played Burton. When the tri-linguar stone was extracted from the wall of the mosque, the whole of the inscriptions, which were covered, were found to be effaced, and of what remains the word BAZIAIEH is all that can be made out of the Greek; and of nine hieroglyphic lines very much destroyed, the name of Berenice is to be traced three times, but little else. Burton is furious and means to publish and make a great fuss about the business, and 'blow up Mr. Sham considerably.' Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix went to Senaar, up the Blue River, and came down the Bahar el Abiad, or White River. They say there are 150 pyramids at Meroe, so I will conclude with Champollion's lines,

*Les Pyramides, sans aucun doute,
Je veux le dire, coute ce qu'il coute,
Ont sept mille ans, quelque chose de plus—
La preuve en porte un papyrus.*

MADemoiselle HEINEFETTER.

THE subjects of His Highness the Elector of Cassel, are loyal or selfish enough to sympathise in the wrath of their master against Mademoiselle Heinefetter for refusing to return to her former engagement after the expiration of her leave of absence. A Cassel correspondent of the 'German Musical Gazette,' published at Leipsig, accuses the young lady not only of violating a written agreement, which engaged her for life at *higher salary* (!) but of direct perjury, inasmuch as she was bound by an oath to the performance of her contract. The correspondent asks with admirable simplicity 'what hold future managers with whom this songstress may have to treat can possess on a lady whom neither her signature nor her oath will bind.' He may spare himself all anxiety on this point: the Laurents and Laportes

* Several copies of this work have been received in London by the friends of the authors. It consists of etchings of bas-relief ornaments to ancient Egyptian monuments.

we imagine hold a patent for more efficacious bonds over their subjects than those which either hand and seal or oath or loyalty or love afford. Be that as it may, however, the absence of Mademoiselle Heinefetter seems to be sorely felt at Cassel: 'Although it might not be impossible,' says our correspondent above mentioned, to find another singer of equal worth to supply her place, yet was her nonappearance at the expected moment productive of considerable inconvenience; since a new opera, in which she was to have taken a principal part, had been composed by Spohr "Der Zweikampf mit der Geliebten," "The Lovers' Duel," to celebrate the birth-day of His Serene Highness. This opera, in consequence of the desertion of Mademoiselle Heinefetter, could not be brought out. She could not have chosen a better moment for the display of her ingratitude and want of principle. Other accounts exculpate the young lady from the folly of abandoning her engagement with the Electoral Prince, for a less lucrative one with Mr. Laurent, and represent the cause of the rupture on the part of Miss Heinefetter, of an engagement for life at 200*l.* a year to be the lure presented by the Parisian tempter of something like 2000*l.* per annum. In addition to this it is hinted that the fair recusant, in declining to return to Cassel, however guilty she may be of disobedience to her sovereign, has the full approbation of her sovereign's consort, who, it should seem, from some pious motive or other, would desire to wean her lord from a too great attachment to theatrical amusements. The voice of Mademoiselle Heinefetter is represented to be a powerful contr' alto, qualifying her in an extraordinary degree for the successful performance of vehement and imperious personages, such as Vetellia in "Titus," as well as for humorous characters. It is said to be of a very imposing quality, but is subject to the power of its possessor to moderate it when occasion requires, and subdue it even to tenderness.

MISCELLANIES.

NEW ACTRESS.—A young lady of considerable personal attractions, made her debut one day last week at the Royal West London Theatre, in the character of 'Desdemona.' She acted her part with extreme modesty, and declaimed with considerable feeling. She has a pleasing countenance, elegant figure, and sweet voice. She is very youthful, and promises after the acquisition of a little more confidence and a knowledge of the stage, to be an useful addition to companies of the first rate. We understand she is of a family highly respectable but reduced in circumstances.

MADAME MALIBRAN.—Madame Malibran's universal claims to the partiality of her audience are thus stated, by an impartial critic, who has filled two columns of 'The Times,' with a fruitless attempt to disparage her, to consist in the following qualifications:—She has the Americans in her favour, because it was on the other side of the Atlantic that her powers acquired their full development, and because it was thence that she had arrived, when she appeared in Paris the accomplished singer and actress. She is the object of French enthusiasm; it appears, because she married a Frenchman; her mother was an Italian, and her father a Spaniard; and therefore she has the support of the natives of the one and the other peninsula. It might have been added, that she was born or bred in England, and therefore should be sure of the justice of every Englishman, but that, in this the most enlightened and high-minded of nations, there is more paltry feeling current than ever disgraced the most insignificant town in the most degraded corner of the Continent in which the arts ever set their foot.

ACCOUNTS OF NAPOLEON.—Even the memoirs of the private secretary of the Emperor have not exhausted this fertile subject. An historian still more intimately connected with the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz is about to appear on the

stage, in the person of M. Constant, who for seven years acted as the valet of Napoleon, and was continually about his person, and who now announces his memoirs. The picture surely will be thus completed. The public life of Napoleon has been long before the world. M. de Bourrienne has let us into the secrets of the private cabinet and the council chamber, and now M. Constant introduces us to the bedchamber and boudoir of the defunct hero.

GÖTHE.—The venerable author of 'Faust' would have attained his eightieth year on the 28th of August, and preparations were making at Vienna to celebrate the day by an extraordinary theatrical representation of divers scenes taken from 'Faust.' No accounts of the manner in which the day was kept at Weimar, have as yet reached us, but we may be sure that the fellow townsmen of the beloved poet would not let it pass unobserved.

GROTTO OF GLASS.—A late number of the 'Netherlandish Magazine of Natural Sciences,' contains an interesting description from a recent traveller, of the famous grotto of ice in the island of Antiparos. The sight of this grotto is not to be attained without difficulty, and without exercising the fortitude of the traveller. The expedition commences by a partial descent into an abyss a thousand feet deep, by means of a rope ladder. Several grottos present themselves; the first is in the form of a spacious vault, supported by natural columns, and in which is seen an inscription, made there by ancient Greeks who visited it, to the following purport: 'To this place came, under the conduct of Criton, Menander, Socarnes, Menecrates, Ippomedon, Aristens Phileas, Gorgus, Philocrates Onesurius.' Another descent is then made, by means of a cord, to a second grotto, the sides of which are of porphyry veined with red shining marks, the floor being of a peculiar kind of grey stone, containing vast numbers of petrified muscles. On arriving at the third grotto, the light of the flambeaux reflected from its sides, is so dazzling that for some instants it is not possible to discern any object. After a short pause, however, the organs of sight recover their power, and then the roof, and sides, and floor of the grotto are perceived to be covered with chrystals of various forms. The grotto is 300 feet long, and nearly as many broad, with a mean height of 100 feet. It is suggested that the glass which covers this vault is the effect of water which oozes through from reservoirs in the rock, situated near the grotto: that a quantity of this water having issued from the rock, has become formed, in the course of time, into chrystals, which, on the appearance of the light, throw out all the colours of the iris. The forms of the chrystals are, for the most part pyramidal or round. In the parts of the vault where the supposed issue of water appears to have been most abundant, there are to be seen sheets or curtains of glass ten or twelve feet in width.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	Sept.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon	Winds.	Weather.	Prevaling Clouds.
Mon.	7	61 53	29.32	S.W.	Shrs. P.M.	Cum.-Nim.
Tues.	8	61 56	29.25	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed.	9	61 55	29.32	W to SW	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Thur.	10	61 55	29.11	S.	M. Rain.	Cum.-Nim.
Frid.	11	61 53	29.32	W to SW	Rain, P.M.	Ditto.
Sat.	12	60 50	29.30	S.W.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Sun.	13	59 55	29.29	Ditto.	Fair, Cl.	Ditto.

Nights and mornings for the greater part rainy.

Mean temperature of the week, 55°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.12.

Highest temperature at noon, 69°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon eclipsed, partly visible, on Sunday.

The Moon in Perigee on Sunday.

Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 0° 8' in Sagitt.

Sun's ditto ditto ditto 20° 22' in Virgo.

Length of day on Sunday, 12 h. 40 m. decreased 3 h. 48 m.

Sun's horary motion, 2' 26" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .002318.

BOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Russell's English and Scottish Reformers, 4 vols.
Fry's Scripture Reader's Guide, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Charnock's Man's Enmity to God, 32mo. 2s.
Dialogues on Prophecy, vol. 3, 8vo. 12s.
Abercrombie on Diseases of the Brain, 2nd edition, 8vo. 12s.
Palairer's Thesaurus Ellipsium Latinarum, by E. H. Barker, 8vo. 8s. 6d.
Linnington's Companion to the Globes, 3rd edition, 4s. 6d.
The Picture of Australia, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Reynold's Book-keeping, 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Paget's Way of Peace, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Sanders' Select Florist, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Palethorpe's Commercial Dictionary, 12mo. 3s.
Identity of the Druidical and Hebrew Religions, 12mo. 5s.
Seager's Abridgment of Hoogeveen, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Brasse's Cædipus Colonens, 12mo. 5s.
Valpy's Septuagint, with Apocrypha, 1 vol. 8vo. 21s.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

'The Christian's Manual; or, the Desire of the Soul turned to God,' containing Extracts from the Writings of the Rev. William Law, is just published.

Early in October will be published, 'The Mother and her Daughters.'

'A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body, of Health and Disease,' comprehending a concise view of the Structure of the Human Frame, its most prevalent Diseases, and ample Directions for the regulation in Diet; Regimen and Treatment of Children and the Aged, &c. is preparing for publication.

The fifth edition of the 'The Cabinet Lawyer,' presenting, in a popular and comprehensive form, a complete Digest of the Civil, Criminal, and Constitutional Law of England as now administered, is about to appear.

The new Annual, edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, and hitherto announced under the title of 'The Offering,' will be published under the title of 'The Iris, a Literary and Religious Offering.'

The Rev. William Turner, of Newcastle, has in the press, for the use of schools, 'Selections from Pliny's Natural History,' with English notes, in 12mo.

COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S PARK.—The Proprietors of this magnificent EXHIBITION, invite the attention of the Public to the

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF THE ADMISSIONS.

To view the Panorama alone 1s.
To view the Panorama, with the original Ball removed from St. Paul's Cathedral,—the Prospect from the summit of the Building,—and the Saloon for the reception of Works of Art 3s.
To view the Conservatories, Fountain, and Swiss Cottage 2s.
* * * Open from 10 till Dark.

NEW PERIODICAL.—THE POLAR STAR.

On the 30th of September will be published, price 7s. 6d. No. 1. (forming a handsome volume,) of a new Quarterly Periodical, to be entitled

THE POLAR STAR of Entertainment and Popular Science. Prospectuses of the Work will be ready in a few days. The Public are respectfully informed, in order to insure punctuality in the appearance of **THE POLAR STAR**, that immediately on the publication of the First Volume, the Second will be begun by an issue of it in Weekly Numbers and Monthly Parts. Skinner-street, Sept. 15.

This day is published, price 2*l.* 15s. in 8 vols. crown 8vo, a New Edition of

D. R. DIBDIN'S BIBLIOGRAPHICAL, ANTIQUARIAN, and PICTURESQUE TOUR.

This new Edition is executed on a plan to render the work (become both costly and rare in its original form,) accessible to the greater part of readers, by an abridgment of the more lengthened Bibliographical details, and a diminution of the number of Plates. There are, however, several New Plates, and a few of the old are re-engraved; while scarcely more than an eighth part of the original matter is suppressed. Among the New Plates is a Portrait of the Author (engraved by Thomson, from an original picture by T. Phillips, Esq. R. A.) of the Abbé De La Rue, a Gold Medal of Louis XII. and the Stone Pulpit in the Cathedral of Strasburg, &c. &c. There are also Fac-similes of Autographs of several of the eminent men with whom the Author corresponded on the Continent; with numerous Wood Cuts, including the Arms of Normandy, France, Bavaria, and Austria.—Additional Notes accompany the Text; among which the critical labours of Messrs. Licquet and Crapelet are duly appreciated.

The Work is elegantly printed with a new type, at the Shakspeare Press.

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